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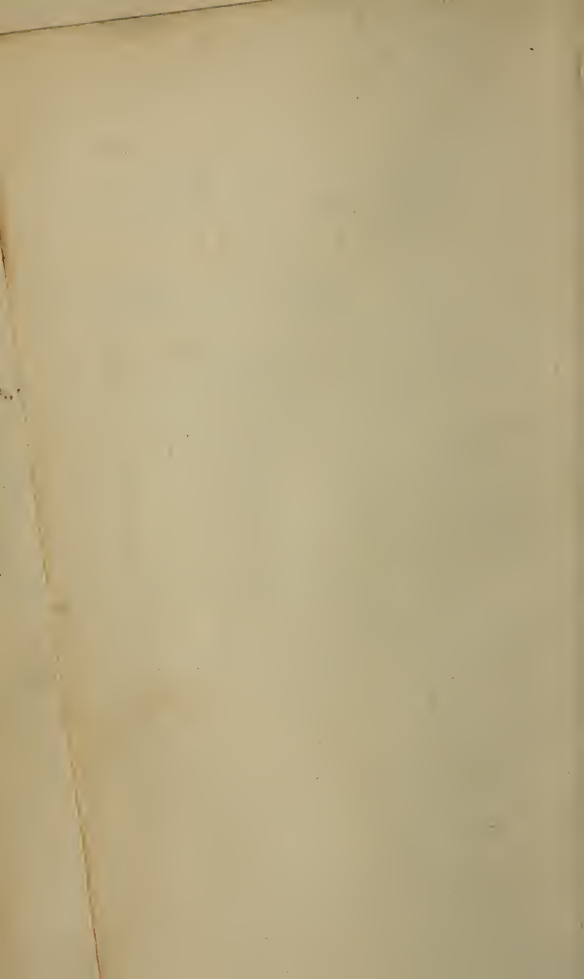
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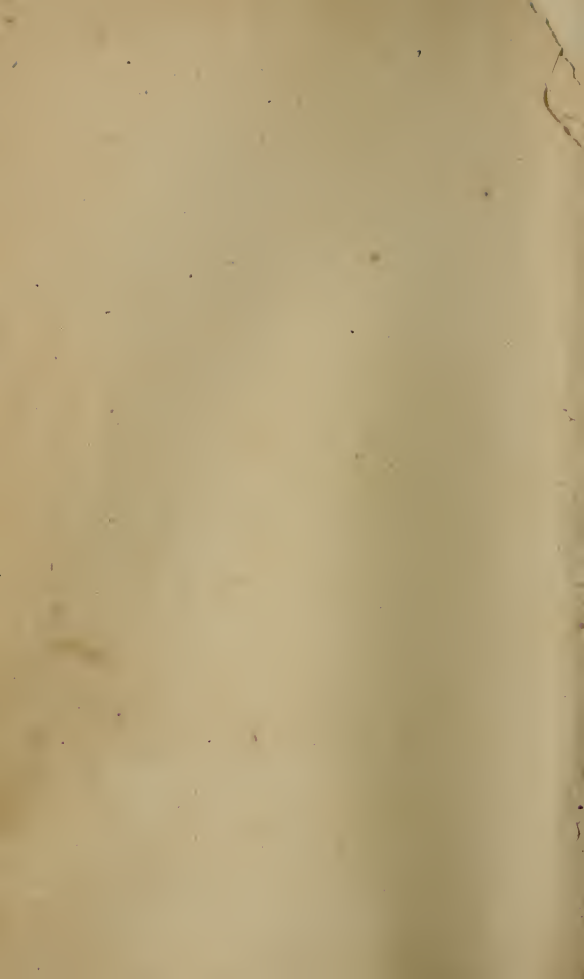
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JUVENILE MISCELLANY.

VOL. II. NO. I.

MARCH AND APRIL.

THE LAME HORSE.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

OH! I cannot bring to mind
When I've had a look so kind,
Gentle lady, as thine eye
Gives me, as I'm limping by.
Then, thy little girl appears
'To regard me through her tears—
Dost thou think she'd like to know
What has brought my state so low?

When not half so old as she,
I was bounding light and free,
By *my* happy mother's side,
Ere my mouth the bit had tried,
Or my head had felt the rein,
Drawn my spirits to restrain.
But I'm now so worn and old,
Half my sorrows can't be told.

When my services began,
How I loved my master, man !
I was pampered and caressed,
Housed, and fed upon the best ;
Many looked with hearts elate
At my graceful form and gait ;
And my smooth and glossy hair,
Combed and brushed with daily care.

Studded trappings then I wore,
And with pride my master bore,—
Glad his kindness to repay
In my free, but silent way ;
There was found no nimble steed
That could equal me in speed,—
So untiring and so fleet
Were these poor, old, aching feet.

But my troubles soon drew nigh—
Less of kindness marked his eye,
As my strength began to fail,
And he put me off, at sale.
Constant changes were my fate,
Far too grievous to relate ;
But I've been, to say the least,
Mid them all, a patient beast.

Older, weaker, still I grew—
Kind attendants all withdrew ;
Little food and less repose,
Greater burdens, heavier blows,*

* The late Judge Tyng, not many months before his decease, passing through one of the streets of Newburyport,

These have been my hapless lot,
Till I fell upon the spot !
This maimed limb beneath me bent,
With the pain it underwent.

Now I'm useless, old, and poor,
They have made my sentence sure ;
And to-morrow is the day
Set for me to limp away,
To some far sequestered place,
There at once to end my race.
I stood by and heard their plot—
Soon my woes will be forgot !

Gentle lady, when I'm dead,
By the blow upon my head,
That the hungry dogs and crows
May not mar my last repose—
Only bid them dig a grave,
For the faithful, patient slave,
That will find his truest friend,
Him who brings him to his end ?

saw a truckman beating a poor starved-looking horse, because he could not start off with a load, which the benevolent spectator thought a double load for any horse. "How much do you have for carrying that load?" asked the Judge; "so much," said the man, naming his price. "Here," said the Judge "is the same sum; take it and set down half your load, till you can come back and make another of it; for you have on your drags double what any horse should be compelled to draw." "The man took the money," said he, "and I was in hopes, by making him ashamed of his cruelty in this instance, to teach him to use more mercy in future."

THE LOST BOY.

BY PARK BENJAMIN, ESQ.

THIS is the name of a beautiful painting by Fisher: which many of my little readers probably saw in the third exhibition of the Athenæum Gallery. The picture showed a wild and deep ravine, dark with the shadows of rock and tree, and broken up into steep precipices. Into this quiet spot, it may be supposed that the footsteps of a human being had seldom wandered; and that here no sounds are ever heard, except the noise of the tempest, the crash of falling branches, the cry of some savage animals, or the evening song of the summer wind. There is a mournful stillness over the place, and it makes the heart feel sad to look upon it. The lost boy is represented as fast asleep upon a bank, and a large dog stands watching over him. Just over the bank rises an abrupt steep, upon which stands a gaunt and horrid wolf, seemingly ready to spring upon the child; but the faithful dog is looking up with resolute defiance, and seems to utter a low growl, in token of his willingness to fight till the last gasp for the preservation of his dear little master. I will tell you, dear child-

ren, a story of what, as I think, might have been the adventures of the lost boy ; how he came to be exposed to such imminent peril ; and how, as you will be delighted to hear, he was safely rescued from it and restored to his parents.

On a pleasant evening in the month of June, Arthur Day came gaily home from school, and running up to his mother, told her that he had got ten credit-marks, and that there was to be a holiday on the morrow ; for Mr. Collins, the schoolmaster, was obliged to ride twenty miles to visit a sick friend.

“ And, dear mamma,” continued Arthur, “ I have come to beg you to let me go with William Evans, and Colin, into the woods to-morrow, to spend the day. We are going to build a bower, and make an artificial water-fall, and weave oak-leaf crowns ; and the boys have promised not to climb a single tree, or touch a bird’s nest. And I shall harness Hector into my little wagon, and make him carry our dinner for us. We are going to lay the table in our bower, and dine there.”

“ Well, my boy,” replied his mother, “ I am always happy to gratify you when you are good. I give you permission to go, but you must re-

turn before sunset, so that you may not be too much exhausted to do your customary duties, before going to bed."

When Arthur heard this, he bounded away from his mother's side, and ran out to inform his companions, (who were waiting at the gate,) of his good success, and to agree upon the hour of meeting in the morning. He then bade them good night, and returned to his mother. After having taken supper, and read a little while, he retired of his own accord very early to bed—so that he might rise by break of day, and set out with his friends punctually at the time appointed.

Arthur Day was one of those excellent children, who always think the judgment of their parents superior to their own. If his mother had thought it inexpedient for him to go into the woods, and had denied his request, he would have submitted cheerfully to her decision; however disappointed he might have felt. Neither would he have looked sorrowfully all the next day, and gone moping about the house; but he would have contrived some other plan of amusement at home, and never, by a single action, have given any one reason to suppose that

anything had occurred to vex him, or thwart his wishes. Every child should remember that "he who ruleth his own spirit, is greater than he who taketh a city." The fretful and peevish create their own unhappiness; and an obedient contented child is happier even in his disappointment, than one of an uneasy temper in the gratification of his desires. As dearly as I love children in general, there is no object more disagreeable to me than a froward boy or girl. Arthur Day was just seven years old; yet he had learned to govern himself with a discretion suited to a more advanced age. There is a great art in always seeming happy; but Arthur was always truly so. He was as cheerful and blithe as a lark, and like the lark he rose with the dawn of the June morning, upon which he had agreed to make with his companions the excursion, which they had so pleasantly planned together.

It was a little past five o'clock, when the three boys were equipped and ready for their journey. Though the inhabitants of our country towns are in the habit of rising very early, only a few yawning heads were seen emerging from the open doors or windows.

"Hallo, boys," said one tall fellow, who tried

to be witty, “are you going out to settle in the western country? you seem to be mighty brisk, and smarted up.”

“No,” said Arthur, “we are only backwoodsmen, John; come along, Hector!” and off they went, full of joy and glee. Nor did Hector seem the least happy of the party. He was a large, beautiful dog of the Newfoundland breed—with long shaggy ears and a bushy tail. It was curious to witness the docility with which he condescended to draw along the little wagon, laden with all sorts of good things, and to see with what readiness he followed Arthur’s directions. He trotted merrily along, and would turn to the right, and left, and stop, like a well-trained horse.

An hour’s rapid walk brought the boys to the border of the wood, beneath whose pleasant shades they intended to pass the day. But they had not proceeded far among the trees, before they found it necessary to release Hector from his toils; for the little wagon was in constant danger of being broken by the obstructions in its way. So they lifted it up and carried it safely in their arms; while Hector, rejoicing in his freedom, frolicked about, and made the forest ring with his loud barking.

I should be glad to relate to you, dear children, how our three friends spent the day, what they played, and in what manner they made time pass so rapidly as to be almost unconscious of its flight; but I am afraid of becoming wearisome, for I remember that you are more easily wearied than grown-up people. Besides, you can imagine how every moment was employed better than I can tell you. It chanced to be a very warm day, and the boys, when tired of play, found the shelter of the bower which they had built very grateful. Here they sat and spread out upon the clean grass the cake and apples, and other good things, which they had brought with them. As they chatted and laughed, and partook of their frugal cheer, I know they were happier than a monarch at his sumptuous table. And here, I cannot help remarking, that boys and girls think and talk too much of what they shall do when they shall become men and women. Neither distinction nor age confer happiness. I do not believe that there is one of God's creatures more happy than an innocent child.

But what is Hector doing while the boys are dining? He is running in and out of the bow-

er, chasing away one instant through the rustling twigs, and then darting back to his master's side.

"What can be the matter with Hector?" said Colins; "he acts as if he were distracted."

"I dare say," said William, "that he has scented some game."

These words were scarcely said, before a rustling was heard among the leaves, and Hector with a long howl dashed off among the thick trees as if in hurried pursuit. Arthur, fearing to lose the dog, started up instantly, and exclaiming, "I will return in a moment," ran off to call the truant back. But his shouts were all in vain; for they were unheard. Hector was far beyond the sound of his feeble voice. But still Arthur followed, till almost breathless with haste, he suddenly beheld the dog standing and looking intently into a small hole. This, upon examination, Arthur found to be the opening of a rabbit's burrow, into which the frightened animal had perhaps fled for safety.

"You have given me a hot chase, poor fellow," said Arthur, patting his dog affectionately, "but come, we will run back."

Arthur then turned to retrace his footsteps.

He ran for some time, as he supposed, in the direction of the place where he had left his companions ; but what was his surprise and sorrow to see through the foliage of the wood the streaming rays of the setting sun, and not the slightest indication of his two friends ! Still he wandered on, followed closely by Hector, who, if he had understood the cause of his little master's piteous looks, would have led on to the right path ; but the poor animal only knew the duty of obedience. At length the rays of the sun departed, and the thick forest grew darker with the shadows of evening. The full moon shortly arose, and by the lucid brightness, which shone through the trees, Arthur discovered himself near the edge of a precipice, which stood above a deep hollow. The lost boy looked around, but could discover no path. He thought of the agony of his dear mother, and burst into tears. He wept long and bitterly ; but reflecting at last that grief was unavailing, and that he could not hope to find his way until morning—he determined to look for a secure path down the precipice, and to rest himself below its brow till the morning light. In a few minutes he found a path, and came to a green

spot sheltered from the night air; and, uneasy as he was, he lay down and fell into a sound sleep. The faithful dog had followed every step of his master, and now with bright and wakeful eye he stood watching over his repose.

The two boys waited in their bower, wondering at Arthur's delay, till, beginning to be fearful lest he had fallen, or in some manner hurt himself, they went together the way he had gone. But, after searching for some time and not finding him, they felt relieved of their anxiety, and concluded that he had gone home, being too wearied to return. So they went back, and getting together their things, they walked leisurely home, expecting of course to see Arthur standing before his father's door. When they did not see him, they became alarmed, and went in to inquire of his mother if he had returned. My words are too weak to express the dreadful pang which Arthur's mother felt, when she heard what the two boys said. She sent a messenger immediately to her husband, and before an hour had passed, fifty people were on their way towards the forest; for every body loved Arthur.

The search was continued through the long

night in vain; but, even after the sun had risen, and it was broad day, the people were unwilling to give up the search in despair. The pursuit at last began to appear hopeless; and one man looked upon another, as if seeking for the hope which had deserted his own breast. Suddenly a loud cry of joy was heard, and all rushed towards the spot from whence the sound proceeded; that spot was on the side of the ravine opposite to the bank where Arthur had lain down to sleep, and, to the delighted eyes of fifty persons, the scene was visible just as it is represented, dear children, in Fisher's beautiful picture! There lay the lost boy, unharmed and sleeping soundly; near him stood Hector, looking fiercely up at the flashing eye of a monstrous wolf just above them both! A moment passed, and one man, bearing a gun, came along with a stealthy pace, very near to the child and dog. Everything was as still as the grave. A sudden flash was seen—the yell of the dying wolf was heard; and the lost boy awoke in terror, to spring into the arms of his father!

In a few minutes, the party were rushing homeward; and, as the father placed the lost boy in the arms of the tearful, and almost heart-

broken mother, the villagers, men, women, and children, who had all left their houses, to hear the success of the search, gave a joyful shout, like the rush of many waters; but the joy of the parents, like the stream which is deepest—was silent !

RIDDLE.

Though light my body is, and small,
Though I have wings to fly withal,
And through the air do rove,
Yet were I not most hardly pressed,
In ease and indolence I'd rest,
And never choose to move ;
'Tis beating makes me diligent;
When beat, and on an errand sent,
I hurry to and fro ;
And like an idle boy at school,
Whom nothing but the rod can rule,
Improve at every blow.



SKRZYNECKI.

THERE has been lately a document going the rounds of the papers, to which I am desirous of directing the attention of American children. To give it its full interest, it will be necessary to preface its introduction by a few remarks upon Poland, once an independent kingdom, holding a high rank among the nations of Europe, and famed for the bravery, chivalry, and patriotism of its inhabitants; but now in a state of vassalage under the dominion of foreign despots.

This noble, though small, kingdom, was unfortunately contiguous to the territories of three great powers, who, bye and bye, began to cast a wishful look upon it, and covet its possession. A league was accordingly formed between the Empress of Russia, the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Austria, (differing only in the magnitude of the object to be gained, from those combinations which are formed among gangs of highway robbers,) to seize Poland, and parcel it out among themselves. This was accordingly done, and the event is denominated in History, "The partition of Poland." That portion

which fell to the lot of Prussia, contained the ancient capital, Warsaw. Nominally, it was still allowed to exist as a distinct government, at the head of which was a viceroy appointed by the King, who had his council of state and a cabinet of ministers. They had also their national assembly, composed of Senators appointed by the King; and were allowed to preserve their ancient laws, and to have a distinct administration of justice.

All these forms and provisions, however, were not sufficient to secure them against the usual fate of vassals, when the liegelord is a tyrannical despot. They have been abused, insulted, denied even those rights which had been voluntarily guaranteed to them.

It was not possible that such a people should submit to a stern bondage, without some resistance. They have rebelled more than once, but their most serious rebellion has occurred within the last twelve months. Instigated by the example of France, (which last year threw off the yoke of despotism, that had goaded her for centuries, and rejecting a monarch who possessed the throne by "the divine right," elected "a citizen King,") they determined to achieve their liberty, or die in the attempt.

They maintained their arduous struggle against an enemy far superior in numbers and resources, much longer than could have been anticipated with any certainty even by the most sanguine. They have shown that the ancient spirit of their race is not extinct ; but though trampled upon and spurned, they are still of one heart with those men of their nation, who, as we are told, when they went to fight in distant lands, carried some of their native soil about them, that in case of their death, it might mingle with the sod which covered their graves.

During this rebellion, Skrzynecki has been commander-in-chief of the armies of Poland, and has signalized himself by great bravery and adroitness, as well as by the most untiring devotion and watchfulness. From some cause which is not apparent, but certainly not for misconduct, he was superseded, and his high office and glorious responsibilities have been bestowed upon another.

You will, of course, expect to hear of him as a mortified man, and if you judge him by the rules which apply to common mortals, you will expect to find that he hates his successor, and is exas-

perated against "an ungrateful country." Nay, more—that if he does not go over to the enemy, it is because he had rather remain, and do what he can to thwart the plans of his rival.

Listen then to the following "order of the day," issued at the moment of giving up the command.

"Soldiers! Called by the choice of the nation and your confidence, to exercise the command in chief over you in the sacred cause of our country, I shared at your head in all the glorious privations and dangers to which you have been exposed. Far from all feeling of self-love, I never sought the power which was confided to me; I accepted it, and have hitherto exercised it. Though I was sensible that it was accompanied with many and great difficulties, it was not my intention to yield to those difficulties, but I was resolved to be the first to give the example of that perseverance of which we have so much need in our present situation.

"A deputation named by the diet found it advantageous for the good of the country, to confide the command of the army to other hands. Whilst I submit with resignation to this interference, I will address you, for the last time, to

testify to you the entire esteem with which I am filled for your bravery, your devotedness, and zeal. Your country judges by what you have hitherto done, what to expect from you in future. The commander whom the representatives of the nation have placed over you, is already known to you by his bravery and resolution, since by overcoming the greatest difficulties, he saved your comrades from that destruction, which, for a less resolute man, would have been inevitable. *Let us surround him with the confidence and affection his merits deserve.* Implicit confidence, obedience, the first virtue of a soldier of every rank, will be a powerful support on our side to the new commander, *and I who had the honour to be at your head, may be allowed to aspire to another, that of fighting in your ranks, and giving you an example of the discipline which I have hitherto required from you, and to which I willingly submit.* Soldiers, let us always unite magnanimity and obedience, with courage and zeal, and with God's help, Poland will still rise from its ruins—Poland for ever!

The commander-in-chief of the armed national force,

SKRZYNECKI.

Does not this breathe a noble and magnanimous spirit? In the first place, after alluding to the purity of the motives which governed him in accepting the chief command, and in the subsequent exercise of its duties, he takes pains to assure the soldiers that he is entirely willing it should be transferred to another, since such a measure is regarded “as advantageous for the good of the country.” This reason he deems sufficient for the true patriot, whatever may be his merits. Then, after paying a tribute to their bravery and zeal, while under him, and hinting that upon their past conduct are founded expectations which they must not disappoint; he endeavours to enlist their best feelings in behalf of the new commander, by reminding them of his distinguished services recently rendered, and asks them to give him their firmest support. Lastly, he speaks of the honour to which he may yet aspire, that of fighting in their ranks, and showing that he can obey, as well as command. Yes, he esteems it an honour to subserve by any means in his power, the noble cause of his country. He forgets himself to remember only

her; or if he thinks of himself at all, it is on her account.

This self-forgetfulness is what constitutes the difference between a noble, exalted spirit, and a mean and selfish one. Many a man, who has fought as bravely as Skrzynecki, would, in similar circumstances, have been too much engrossed with his own affairs, to have given one thought to his country,—would have considered it far more important to vindicate his own personal claims, than to assert her rights. Noble Skrzynecki! his name is fit to be associated with that of our own Washington; and though Poland may again be humbled in the dust, she should glory in such a son. Though she utterly perish, her past existence will be gloriously traced through the memory of his death, even if every other vestige of her should fade from the earth.

MATER.



LITTLE SUSAN'S VACATION.

ON a fine bright morning in the month of July, little Susan Bowdoin bounded into her cousin Eleanor's chamber, and screamed into her drowsy ear, "cousin, cousin Ellen, get up; the stage is coming—get up, or you won't be ready." "Coming, child," said her cousin, yawning, and then starting up; "coming! what do you mean?" "Yes, yes, it is coming," said the little girl, clapping her hands and dancing across the room, "uncle said it would come at twelve." "Bless me, Susan! and you have waked me at five, and you have your night-gown on, I see; run back to bed, that's a good girl, and let me sleep;" and cousin Eleanor put the watch under her pillow, and turned over to take one more nap. But her little tormentor could not rest; jumping on the bed she began again with, "Cousin, what kind of a house does Aunt Howard live in? Is it stone, like this?" "Wood," murmured sleepy cousin Eleanor. "Has she a piano, and a grate for coal, and a marble chimney-piece? And will she let me play all the time?"

“ I answered all these questions yesterday, six times,” said her cousin rather shortly, for she did not like to be deprived of her morning slumbers; but being very fond of her little chatterbox, she soon shook off her drowsiness, and entered fully into all her gay plans. “ Cousin Eleanor,” as she was called by all the family, had been making a long visit at Mrs. Bowdoin’s, and was strongly attached to the children; but little Susan was her especial favourite. She was just six years old, wild and frolicksome as a kitten, warm in her affections, and, as the truth must be told, quick in her temper, and idle in her habits. Till Eleanor Howard visited Boston, the efforts of her school-mistress to confine her attention to a book had been vain: she could tell her letters, but in saying this, the sum total of her acquirements is given. Eleanor had long been engaged in the business of instruction, and was skilful in the management of children. By gentle means she soon won her volatile little cousin to devote a few minutes at a time to her book, and in three months, at the expiration of her visit in Boston, had the pleasure of learning her to read the charming story of Rosamond, with “ *proper emphasis and*

due attention to the pauses." It is not to be supposed that this progress in knowledge was made by the flighty Susan, without some painful efforts—her natural irritability would sometimes shew itself in a sudden fall of the book, when a *long word* bade defiance to her little mouth, and a burst of tears would now and then deluge her spelling-lesson. But cousin Eleanor loved the little girl, and by patience and gentle reproofs, would contrive to get her over the "long word" and through the "hard lesson." She could soon read well enough to understand the contents of her books, and then by Eleanor's judicious selection of stories, reading became a pleasure, instead of a task; and she was constantly crying, "Cousin, do hear me read this pretty story; I wish I could read to you now." Her whole character was changed—she was no longer boisterous and noisy; she had an occupation that pleased her, and became gradually interested in other pursuits. She herself begged to be instructed in geography, and "was very sure she could learn the multiplication-table;" and was so quiet and orderly in her deportment, that her mother consented that she should accompany Eleanor on her return, and

pass her vacation in the country. It was on the morning of their departure, that she burst so unceremoniously into her kind friend's room, rousing her from her sleep to bright anticipations of the future. But alas! from five to twelve, is a long while for a little girl of six years to wait, and four times before the breakfast-bell rung, had Susan been to the door, "sure, very sure, the stage was coming." At nine she was seated on the steps, in her bonnet and pelisse, ready to start the moment it should appear, and calling every five minutes to know if it were twelve.

"Oh! it *never* will be twelve," she said to her uncle, when he came from the wharf to kiss her before she left; "what *shall* I do? It *won't* be twelve o'clock." Her uncle laughed at her, and told her she must try to be patient, and advised her to read till the stage came; but Susan would not follow this advice. She still kept her seat on the steps, and at length, a loud shout told that the horses were in sight, and little Susan sprang into the house, screaming, "It's come at last—it's come, cousin Eleanor." They were soon seated in the stage—"smack went the whip—round went the wheels," and

Susan was the happiest of the happy. Every thing was new to her, for it was her first visit in the country, and her innumerable questions amused the passengers as much as they puzzled cousin Eleanor. "Cousin," cried she, "what makes the trees and fences run so fast that way?" And once, after a long silence, as they drove rapidly over the Worcester Turnpike, she looked up with a melancholy face and said, "Nothing but houses, and cows, and trees live here; does not aunt live in a house?" At seven, they entered the flourishing village of Worcester, and drove immediately to the house of Mr. Howard, Eleanor's father. The family were very glad to see Eleanor once more, and much pleased that she brought little Susan with her. They covered her with kisses, gave her a bowl of delicious bread and milk, and for the first time in her life, Susan went to bed in the country. The next day was Sunday, and Susan, who knew it was not proper to make a noise, remained quietly in the house; but she could not compose her mind to read. The green fields, bright flowers, and beautiful trees around her, were all novelties to her, and she longed to be out playing among them. Her

cousin told her that after tea, she should take a walk, when it was cool and pleasant; and then began to dress her for church. She stood very patiently to be washed and dressed. She wore a simple white frock and straw bonnet; any one would have known, by her cheerful animated face, that she was a good child. She dragged an old parasol out of its hiding-place in a closet, and with that in one hand, and a fan in the other, she walked with her cousins to church.

After tea, little Susan said, "she was too tired to take the walk her cousins had promised her, and that she would rather go to bed." Eleanor was very glad she was so prudent, and assured her she should walk out in the morning.

There was a shower in the night, that cooled the air and laid the dust; and Susan prepared with a light heart, to accompany her cousins the next morning in a walk to Mrs. Dutton's, Eleanor's sister. It was a lovely day—a few clouds were floating in the air, contrasting beautifully with the bright blue around them. Though it was July, the trees and grass were as fresh and green as the tender herbage of

spring; and the rain-drops, that still trembled on the leaves, reflected the various colours of the rain-bow, as the beams of the sun fell on them. As they walked hand in hand to Mrs. Dutton's, Eleanor pointed out these beauties to Susan, who exclaimed, "Oh! that I could live all the time in the country—how good you were to bring me to Worcester." "But if you think me good for bringing you here, Susan, what must you think of the goodness of the Being who *made* all these things, and gave you an eye to see and a heart to feel them?" "O! I should love *him* better than papa or mamma, I know," said the little girl; "and I do want to be good, that he may always love me." And as Susan looked round on the beautiful woods and fields, and listened to the songs of the birds, she felt she could not but love the perfect Being, who had given her so much to make her happy.

When they reached Mrs. Dutton's, Susan was delighted with all she saw. The house was large, and old-fashioned, with a portico in front, round which a beautiful vine grew in great abundance, and the yard was filled with a variety of gay and fragrant flowers. On one side was a garden, containing fruit and flowers, and

vegetables ; and behind the house was a small pond, to which a very pretty walk led. Mrs. Dutton and Eleanor seated themselves in the portico, and little Henry Dutton led off Susan to show her all his curiosities. They visited the poultry yard first, and Susan thought she should never be tired, running round to catch the chickens ; “ the pretty little birds,” as she called them. But after chasing one several times round the yard, Henry begged her to let it rest. “ Poor little thing ! how you frighten it ! do come away, Susan !”

“ But I don’t want to let it alone, Henry ; I never saw any thing so pretty.” “ Never saw a chicken ! that’s a good one ! why, I’ve seen a thousand.” “ A thousand ! dear me ! how I wish I could see a thousand chickens ; but Henry, we don’t have such things in Boston.” And she was just starting again, when she spied something on the ground and called out, “ O ! Henry, Henry, come here ; what are these little white things, that look just like eggs, in this hay ?” “ That’s a good one,” cried Henry, (his usual exclamation, when any thing amused him)—“ to be sure they are eggs, you goose.” “ I am not a goose,” cried Susan ; “ I am a

good little girl, for cousin Eleanor says I am ; and I never saw eggs, except on the breakfast table before," and she stooped to take one up. " O ! don't touch them, Susan, don't touch them," said Henry : but Susan's little hands closed each over an egg ; crash went the shell, and the yolk streamed over her arms and her clean frock. " What shall I do, what shall I do?" sobbed Susan, and she tried to wipe her eyes with her yellow hands. In doing this, she daubed her face so comically, that Henry could not help laughing. Susan felt she had done wrong in touching the eggs ; but when she heard her cousin laugh at her, she grew very angry, and screamed so loud, that Mrs. Dutton and Eleanor ran to her assistance. When they saw her, her face, hands, and dress covered with the broken eggs, they both smiled ; but Susan became more passionate, and said, " Henry shan't laugh at me ; and I will go back to Boston." " What is the matter?" said cousin Eleanor mildly,—“ why are you so violent?” “ Henry shan't laugh at me so,” she sobbed again. Then Eleanor took her by the hand, and leading her to the glass, bade her look at herself. The moment Susan saw her yellow face,

she laughed also, and said, "she would forgive Henry for laughing." "But can you, Susan, forgive *yourself* for being in a passion at such a trifle? Are you the little girl, that, but an hour ago wanted to be good, that God might love you?" Susan hung down her head and blushed, for she was ashamed to see she had so soon forgotten her good wishes; and Eleanor said, "I had intended to take you out on the pond in a little boat this afternoon, but I cannot now. I must wait till you have behaved correctly through the day." She then took off Susan's gown to be washed, and left her in a room by herself, till Henry could bring her one from his grandfather's. Susan felt mortified at being left alone in this manner, but knowing she deserved it, she bore the punishment without a tear. Henry ran very quickly for her gown, for he was sorry he had laughed and called her goose; and when he confessed this fault to his mother, she told him, she hoped his little cousin would remain in the country, till he could be as polite to her as he wished others to be to himself. When Eleanor came down stairs with Susan, in her clean dress, Mrs. Dutton urged her to permit the little girl to be rowed on the

pond the next day; and having promised that she would, if Susan behaved well, she took her home. The rest of the day passed very pleasantly. Eleanor had a younger sister, who was very fond of children; and Susan went up to cousin Sarah's room to spend the afternoon in talking to her, and teaching her the step of the Waltz. At every mistake of her cousin, her eyes would sparkle, and she would clap her little hands over her mouth to hide her laugh, while she would exclaim, "How funny you are, cousin Sarah!" At tea-time she drew her chair between her uncle and aunt, and waited, like a good child, till they helped her to what was proper for her to eat. After tea, when Eleanor said, "come, Susan, it is time for your little eyes to be shut," she went directly to bed; and after she had said her prayers, and laid her head upon the pillow, she flung her arms round her cousin's neck and whispered, "God loves me *now*, for I am good; and I shall go in the little boat to-morrow."

Her cousin kissed her, and told her, "if she were amiable through the morning, she certainly should." Little Susan lay thinking of the pond, till she grew very drowsy, and thought she saw a

chicken rowing a boat towards her ; and then the boat turned into an egg-shell, and Henry was sitting in it ; and then she fell fast asleep, and never woke till the beams of the morning sun shone full in her face.

“ Cousin Ellen,” she began, (for Susan’s eyes and lips always opened at the same instant,) but lo ! on turning over, no cousin Ellen could she find. So she jumped up, and ran down to the parlour, and her cousin told her, “ *they* had been done breakfast an hour, but that she might breakfast in her aunt’s chamber.” Susan loved her aunt, and pitied her, because she was suffering from the rheumatism ; and she was very glad she was to take her breakfast with her. Cousin Sarah gave her a little tea-set, and told her, she might arrange it for herself on the little table in her aunt’s room. Then her breakfast was brought up, and she was very happy eating it, and talking to her sick aunt, who loved to answer her questions. Very soon after she had breakfasted, the school-bell rang, and Eleanor advised her to go with her little cousins to school. “ Remember,” said she, “ if you are passionate this morning, I cannot take you on the pond with me in the

afternoon ; and I am afraid if you do nothing but play, you will get tired and cross, and behave badly. But if you go to school, and sit quietly there and read, there is no danger." Susan felt the truth of this, and asked the little girls to wait ; she ran for her bonnet, and jumping and skipping, went off with them to school. She carried a little book with her, and when she had seen all the scholars, and examined the room sufficiently, she read a short time, and then amused herself by drawing houses on a slate, till the clock struck twelve, and school was dismissed. Susan caught her bonnet, and not stopping to put it on, darted across the street to her uncle's, and springing up the stairs two at a time, threw wide open the door of Eleanor's chamber, and cried, " cousin, I have been very, *very* good. I have not spoken one cross word. May I go to aunt Dutton's ?" " Yes, my dear ; but you need not scream so ; and where is your bonnet ?" " O ! here it is," said Susan, holding out her hand. " What have you been doing with it, Susan ? look at this crumpled thing,—and how dirty it is." " I guess it dragged on the ground when I came home from school." " Your string dragged on the ground ! did not

you wear your bonnet on your head, Susan?" "I could not stop, cousin Eleanor, I was so glad I had been good:" "I don't think it so very good in you, Susan, to run through the street bare-headed, or to make such a disturbance in the house. If you fall into your old habits, I must send you back to Boston; but kiss me now, dear; and then go play with Henry till dinner is ready. You shall go to your aunt Dutton's in the afternoon."

Susan went with the little boy to his grandfather's library, when cousin Sarah fixed them a convenient seat at a table, and gave them a volume of prints to look over. The subjects were taken from Scripture; and the children were very happy to find that their knowledge of Scripture stories, enabled them to point out many figures in the engravings. Susan was particularly pleased with the prints of Moses in the bulrushes. "O! Henry, Henry, how pretty this little baby is! It looks just like the doll sister Julia brought me from Paris." "That is Moses, you know, and the wicked king was going to kill him, and,"—"O! I know all about that;" interrupted Susan, "for my Sunday-teacher told me a pretty story about him;

but what is this ?” continued she, turning over ; “ It looks as if that bush were on fire.” “ Why ! that is the burning bush Moses saw ; you said you knew all about him ;” replied Henry. “ My teacher did not tell me about that—she only told me how a princess saved little Moses from being killed.”

In this way they chattered, till called to dinner. They were very happy ; for they were good-natured and obliging, and were willing to look at the *same* print, and each was ready to wait till the other said, “ Now you may turn over ; I have seen this enough.”

After dinner, Eleanor, and Sarah, with little Henry and Susan, walked to Mrs. Dutton's, who had promised that her servant should row them for an hour on the pond. When Susan felt the boat shake as she put her foot upon it, she was a little afraid, and she drew a long breath when the servant shoved off from the bank ; but when she saw how unconcerned Henry looked, she tried to feel at ease, and was soon able to enjoy herself. She was at first, fully occupied in looking at the reflection of the trees in the water, which she said was “ just like seeing herself in a glass ;” but after a few mo-

ment's thoughtful silence she exclaimed, "Horses draw the carriage—what makes the boat go?" Henry told her the "man made it go;" but when Eleanor asked him *how* the man did it, Henry found it was impossible for him to explain what he did not himself understand. Eleanor said she should be very happy to explain it to them, if they could comprehend it; but there were many things which they must learn before they could understand how the man sent the boat on by the regular strokes of the oars. When they were older, she promised them they should study a very entertaining book, which would make it all clear to them. "As clear as this water is?" said Susan, laughing,—“but do, cousin, look at that beautiful flower,” pointing to a lily, which grew on an island in the middle of the pond. Eleanor said she would get it for her, and directed the servant to row towards the island. When they reached it, she stepped from the boat, and had scarcely stooped to gather the lily, when she heard a merry shout from Susan and Henry, and turning round she saw them at some distance. Cousin Sarah had ordered the man to row away, and leave her sister on the island. The children thought it an excellent joke; and

they laughed and clapped their little hands when they saw Eleanor seat herself in a melancholy posture, and put her handkerchief to her eyes as if she were weeping. Many times did they row towards the island, as though they intended to take her into the boat, and as often would they dart off again at cousin Sarah's direction, while the banks echoed the joyous shout of the children; and Eleanor herself would occasionally forget her part to join in their mirth. At length Mr. Dutton came down to the pond, and hearing Eleanor sing, "O! boatman, do not tarry,—I'll give thee a silver pound, to row me over the ferry," he jumped into another boat and went to her relief. The hour was past which they were to spend on the water; and when cousin Eleanor was landed in the garden, the whole party joined her there, and they walked to the house.

The next day was rainy; and Susan was greatly disappointed in not being able to take a walk with her cousins in a beautiful grove back of Mrs. Dutton's house. She stood at the window, leaning on her elbows, and watching with a sad face the rain-drops as they chased each other down the window-panes. "This is too

bad ! now I can't walk,—can I ?” she exclaimed. “ Certainly not.” “ Perhaps it won't rain after dinner, and then I can go.” “ It will probably rain all day, my dear ; but if it should not, you cannot walk in the grove to-day, as the grass will be very wet.” “ O dear !” said Susan, as she turned again to the window, “ I wish I was in Boston. I would not have come to Worcester, if I had known it would rain to-day.” “ What would you do in Boston, Susan, if you were there this rainy day ?” “ I'd play with Charley, and get my lessons, and read to you.” “ You cannot play with Charles, to be sure, but what is to prevent you from learning a lesson, or reading to me in Worcester ?” “ I don't know, only I don't feel like it ; and I thought I came here on purpose to play.” “ Your *vacation* was to be spent with me, I grant, and I do not expect you will go on with all your lessons ; but if you were to read and spell to me every morning, I think you would be happier.” “ I will to-day, cousin Eleanor, because it is rainy ; but when it's fair” — “ Well, well, my dear, wait till a bright day comes, before you make any resolutions about it ; let me hear you read now.” And Eleanor gave her the Cherry Orchard, which Susan read aloud

to her aunt and cousins. She was much pleased with the good-natured Marianna, and said she hoped one day to be like her. "They call me passionate in Boston,—do you think me most like Owen, Cousin?" Her cousin replied, that "if she was now violent, like little Owen, she hoped she would learn, like him, to command her temper." When she had finished the story, she exclaimed, "O! I am so glad Owen was a good boy at last, and went to the orchard. I wonder if he was always good afterwards." "I dare say, my dear, that, like a little girl whom I know, he sometimes forgot his good resolutions; but every time he stopped when about to say a cross word, he gained more strength to control the violence of his temper; and he might, finally, have been able to speak always in a mild and proper manner. But here comes John to say dinner is ready." Susan was surprised to find that so much time had passed in reading and talking of the Cherry Orchard; and confessed that employment could make even a rainy morning in the country, when she wished to be out frolicking in the woods, pass very pleasantly.

Little Henry had no school in the afternoon; and his mother gave him permission to spend it

at his grandfather's. He and Susan went up to the garret as soon as they had dined, and played hide and seek, and a variety of active games, till they were fatigued. They then opened a large trunk, which contained old clothes, and Henry put on an old coat and hat of his grandfather's, and Susan a bonnet and cape of cousin Sarah's, and then they went down to the parlour to show themselves. The family laughed at their grotesque appearance, and their biographer is happy to record that the afternoon passed without a cross word being spoken by either child. After tea, Henry's father called to take him home in the chaise, and little Susan went cheerfully to bed. The next morning, when Susan waked, she sprang out of bed and ran to the window, to see if it was a pleasant day. Not a cloud was to be seen; and she went down, fully expecting Eleanor would take her out to walk, as soon as she had eaten her breakfast. "We will go the very minute we leave the table, won't we?" "We cannot go this morning, Susan; we must wait till the sun has dried the grass." Susan was just raising a spoonful of milk to her mouth; but it fell back into her bowl. "Shan't we go to-day, cousin?"

"Yes, I think so. In the afternoon the grass will be dry ; will it not, sir ?" said Eleanor, turning to her father. Susan looked eagerly at her uncle, who patted her on the head, and said, "that in a few hours she would be able to take her walk." "But what shall I do this morning?" said Susan. "Don't you remember how quietly the time appeared to pass yesterday, Susan, when you were reading the Cherry Orchard?" "Yes, but I don't want to read it again." "You need not, my dear ; I only wished to remind you that you had better find some employment." "I'm sure I don't know of any." "Suppose you were to dress the doll your cousin Mary bought for you, yesterday." "O ! delightful," cried Susan ; and away she scampered for the doll. The drawers of her cousins were rummaged for materials for the dress ; and she returned to the parlour, her little arms loaded with silk, muslin, and cambric. "Do you mean your doll's frock to be like Joseph's coat—of many colours?" asked Eleanor, when she saw the variegated mass of pieces that Susan spread at her feet. But Susan was too busy to answer. "Let me see—she shall be dressed for a ball," said the little chatter-box ; "she shall wear a white

silk, and this pink crape over it, or this blue—which is the prettiest ?” Before this important point was decided, a new idea darted into Susan’s brain. “She shan’t be a lady ; she shall be a little girl like myself.” “Only she will never be cross, Susan.” “But she can’t talk, though,” said Susan ; “and what shall she wear ? O ! this will be pretty—a pink gingham frock and white apron.” Cousin Mary suggested that it would be a good scheme to dress the doll in the costume of some foreign nation ; and Susan finally settled on that of a peasant girl of Berne, as cousin Mary offered to assist her. The morning had passed before the doll was half drest ; but a new disappointment awaited Susan. Some little girls came in the afternoon to visit her. One of them had just recovered from a fever, and was not strong enough to accompany them in the walk. What was to be done ? Cousin Eleanor called Susan into another room, and said to her, “You may decide whether we shall take our walk or not.” “Then we will,” interrupted Susan. “Listen to me before you speak. Your cousin Sarah cannot go this afternoon, as she must stay at home to take care of these little girls.” “Can’t you send

them home?" "O, Susan! how selfish! These little girls are come to spend a half-holiday with us as they often do, and cousin Sarah is very happy to entertain them. Would it be doing as you would be done by, to send them home?" "No," faltered Susan. "Besides, my dear, you may take the walk; though they came to see *you*, yet, as you had been previously promised this particular pleasure, you may leave them to the care of cousin Sarah. It would be more polite, certainly, to remain with them; but you shall take your choice—to go *with me*, now, to the grove, or wait till to-morrow, that Sarah and Henry may accompany us." Susan hesitated; on one side was the chance of its raining on the morrow; on the other, the certainty that cousin Sarah could not go that afternoon. Good feeling and love of cousin Sarah conquered, and she returned to the parlour, resolved to do all she could for their entertainment. It is needless to relate what games they played: there was not one in Mrs. Child's *Girl's Own Book* which they did not attempt; and when night came, it found them all sufficiently tired to go early to bed. "I don't believe," said Susan, as cousin Sarah undressed her at night, "I don't believe I shall

ever take that walk ; but I don't care ; I have had a good time to-day."

Susan was well rewarded for waiting for her cousin's company. In the first place, she had spent the afternoon very agreeably with her little visitors ; and in the second, the day proved more favourable for the walk than the preceding one. They started immediately after breakfast, intending to pass the whole morning in the grove. Cousin Sarah was attending a course of botanical lectures, and meant to gather all the pretty wild flowers she found, to assist her in the study of this interesting science. The children each took a tin box to hold her flowers, and Henry slyly put in his a quantity of gingerbread, which his aunt Mary gave him for the purpose. Thus equipped, they proceeded through the high road, till they came to a field of grain, along which ran a foot-path to the grove. "How much pleasanter this path is than the dusty road ! now I don't wonder Marianna wanted to walk in the shady lane," said Susan, who had not forgotten the Cherry Orchard. "I'll bet," said Henry, "you don't know what that is growing in the field." "To be sure I don't, because I never saw it before," replied Susan. "Any more

than eggs out doors," said Henry, laughing; but seeing that Susan looked graver, his conscience pricked him. "Come," continued he, "I'll tell you; for pa told me—it's oats; and when it is ripe they will cut it down for the horses to eat." They had now reached a clear, swift stream, over which was built a rude bridge. Susan held Eleanor's hand as she crossed, while Henry skipped over it half a dozen times, to shew he was not afraid. At last his aunt Sarah advised him to be careful. "O! I'm not afraid," he cried, "and if I do get wet, it is no matter,—I am a man, you know." Little Susan laughed, and said he was a very small man then; and his aunt Eleanor told him "it would be no very pleasant thing, even to a man, to get a ducking." They then entered the grove in which Susan had been so desirous to walk. A broad path led through the middle of it, so shaded by the over-hanging trees, that the rays of the sun could not penetrate at mid-day. The foliage was of a glossy green, and the birds were singing on every tree. Little Susan was too happy to speak; she walked on slowly, wishing that the pleasant shade would last through the whole of their walk; but they soon reached the

other side of the grove, and on the borders of the brook beyond it Sarah expected to find some wild flowers. She was not disappointed; all were soon busily employed in gathering them. When the children were called upon for their boxes, Henry hung back; but Susan readily gave up hers, and watched with delight the various specimens that were shut up in it. Eleanor found a beautiful convolvulus, and calling to Henry, she said, "*that* should go in his box;" but Henry still kept back. "I do believe, Henry, you have something in it, you are so unwilling to have it opened—let me see—what is it? a fish, or a frog?" So saying, she took the box from his hands, and laughed heartily when she saw how provident he had been. "I dare say we shall all be glad to partake of your stores, Henry, so we will not touch the box at present. We will soon go and rest under that large tree on the top of the hill, to arrange our flowers, and eat your ginger-bread." She then gathered a few pieces of clematis and a cardinal-flower, and was preparing to go to the elm tree, when a shriek of terror from Susan alarmed her. She turned and saw Susan running towards her with every mark of fear, and Henry pursuing her,

and laughing violently. "What is the matter?" she exclaimed, as Susan seized hold of her gown, panting and breathless. "A snake! a snake!" was all she could say; while Henry shouted, "A snake! that's a good one! Why, aunt Eleanor, she does not know an earth-worm from a snake." "What have you been doing, Henry?" "Nothing, aunt, only she was afraid of an earth-worm, and—and—" "And what?" "I just wanted to put it on her neck to shew her it would not hurt her." "For shame, Henry, to tease her so!" And Eleanor then took the poor little worm in her hand, and bade Susan look at it. She did it at first reluctantly; but when she overcame her fear of the reptile, she began to examine its form, and to wonder how it could move. Then her cousin put it on the ground, and she watched it as Eleanor said, "wriggling in and out, and drawing together its slimy wings, instead of feet, like other things." "That's poetry, I know, cousin Eleanor." "Verse, certainly, which you may learn when we go home; but tell me why you were afraid when you thought it was a snake." "I don't know—dont snakes hurt us?" "Not any we have in this part of the world; and I can only

account for the fear of children, by supposing they do not know the difference between our harmless snakes and those of other countries."

They now walked to the great tree, and seating themselves on the soft grass, partook very gladly of the luncheon which Henry had provided for them. When they had demolished the ginger-bread, Sarah employed herself in arranging her flowers to be taken home, and the children began to talk. Behind them was the beautiful grove through which they had walked; in front, at the foot of the hill, ran the same bright, clear stream, they had crossed early in the morning; while around them on all sides stretched fields of grain and corn, and gentle hills shut in the view. The children felt the beauty of the scene, and Susan said, "I don't believe there's a prettier grove in the whole world. I hope we shall go home through it; don't you, Henry?" "But, Susan," said Henry, "look, how the water shines! I wish we could take off our shoes and stockings, and wade through till we come to the bridge." "A very fine plan, master Henry," said Sarah; "but as I don't think it would be proper for your aunt Eleanor and me to wade after you, you must be

content to remain on dry land." Susan laughed, and said *she* should not like to walk in the water, but she should admire to go through the fields of grain and corn. Her cousin told her it would be very wrong to tread down the grain, and that it would not be pleasant to walk in ploughed land. "No, Susan," said Henry, "that would be worse than the water; for your shoes would be filled with earth and stones." And they determined to return home as they came. They reached the house just in time to dress for dinner; and as the children were tired, they took a nap after it was over. When they waked, they had no inclination to run about, but employed themselves in committing to memory the lines to an earth-worm, in Original Poetry. They ate their supper of bread and milk early, and Henry went home, and Susan gladly retired.

The next day was Saturday. It was too warm to walk, or engage in any active amusement, and Susan seated herself in her aunt's chamber with her doll, and her various pieces to finish its dress, with the aid of her cousins. It was soon completed, and Susan was delighted; she flew down stairs to shew it to her uncle, who, gazing at her through his glasses, said, "it was

a very good little girl." "No, uncle, it is not a little girl; it is a Bernese peasant," said Susan, who did not perceive that her uncle was thinking of her. She then carried it back to her aunt's room, where she sent the poor Bernese peasant of more errands, and required her to perform more service, than any Swiss girl could do in a month. By cousin Mary's advice the Bernese peasant was sent to bed, at length, and ordered to sleep soundly, that she might be ready for the next day's duties. The afternoon was so warm that Susan was very willing to sit quietly in the house and read; but after tea she asked cousin Eleanor to let her go with the servant to drive the cow home. It was one of Susan's chief pleasures to watch the milking of the cow; and as the boy who took care of her was very staid and sedate, Eleanor granted her request. She ran for her bonnet, but recollected this time to put it on her head. She had not been gone many minutes, when a cloud suddenly rose, and the rain began to fall in torrents. Eleanor become very anxious for Susan, but was obliged to wait patiently for her return, as she knew it would be in vain to send for her. All at once the door was burst open, and little

Susan flew into the room, the rain dripping from her garments. "Oh! how it does pour!" said Susan, her eyes sparkling with fun. "And how I *did* scamper! every body laughed at me; and I tried to run into that great house down the street, but I could not, the water rushed so from the portico! Oh! what a good frolic!" Eleanor was pleased to see she bore the drenching so good-humouredly; but fearing she would take cold, she carried her up stairs and put her directly into bed. Thus ended the first week of Susan's visit to the country. If my little readers are half as much interested in her as I am, perhaps they may hear more of her when she is older, and, we trust, wiser and better.

L. B.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is a poor lawyer much employed, and a rich one who has left practice, like a phenomenon in nature?
2. If an Irish beggar were to ask you for food, what would your heart say?
3. In what do hay and straw resemble spectacles?
4. What useless thing cannot a coach go without?

THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS'S ADDRESS TO AN IDLE LITTLE GIRL.

COME, clear up your brow, and look sulky no more,
Your task is now ended—your troubles are o'er;
Your work-basket take, and come sew at my side,
Or read your new book without fear I should chide.

And when you have called back your bright, cheerful face,
And on it no marks of ill-humour I trace,
We'll talk of your lesson, the tears you have shed,
And find out what puzzled that poor little head.

And first, you must surely remember, dear child,
When I gave you your lesson, you wondered and smiled;
Your task was so short and so easy beside,
The thought you might miss, you then did deride.

You went to your seat full of frolic and play,
As gleeful as kittens—as *thoughtless* as they;
Regardless of old Father Time's rapid flight,
Till he brought the dread hour for you to recite.

Ah! then what complaints and what murmurs I heard!
“ I don't understand this—I can't say a word,—
“ 'Tis so long and so hard! now shorten it, pray,
“ I never shall learn it, if I study all day.

Then fretful, impatient, and cross you became;
And who but your own giddy self was to blame?

54 THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS'S ADDRESS, &c.

You forgot your duty, but I could not mine,
'Though to pardon your fault, I much did incline.

When your lesson I strove once more to explain,
Your attention would wander again and again ;
And when I reproved you, how sulky you stood,
Determined to be in an ill-tempered mood.

Thus you see, my dear child, 'tis true as I say,
Your troubles all spring from your great love of play ;
You idled your time—then regretted its loss,
Hurried over your lesson—grew fretful and cross.

Had you studied at first, 'twould better have been ;
These frowns and these tears I should never have seen ;
Your lesson well-learnt, and with cheerfulness said,
Without fear of reproof you then might have played.

Take warning, my dear, from the fate of to-day,
And let not to-morrow be given to play ;
Till the whispers of conscience assure you, you've won
The love of your teacher, for your duty well done. S.B.

ANSWER TO RIDDLE, PAGE 270.

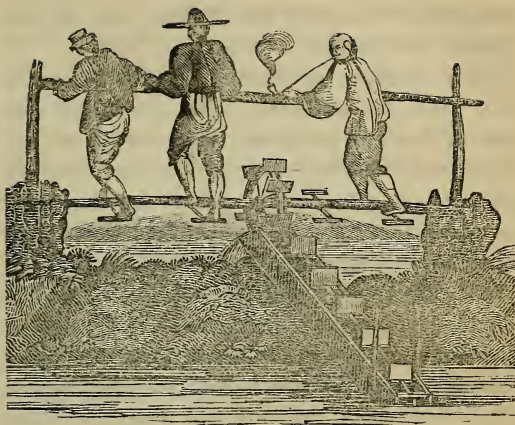
An Hour-Glass.

Answer to Charade, page 270.

Mrs. Child, I answer your charade with Plea-sure.

Answer to Enigmatical Invitation, page 270.

I expect you between four and five.



SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

“THE land whither thou goest in to possess it, is not as the land of Egypt from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed, and *wateredst it with thy foot* ; like as a garden of herbs ; but the land whither ye go to possess it is a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh water of the rain of heaven.” Deut. xi. 10.

The meaning of the singular expression, “*wateredst with thy foot*,” is explained by the engraving. In China, and some other Asiatic

countries, they supply the place of rain by watering their gardens with a machine.

This machine consists of a box, divided into two parts, the under part wholly inclosed; one end of this box is laid on the lower water, the other end is raised to a proper level; a number of boards adapted to the size of this inclosure are drawn up it by the power of the wheel, and with these boards the water rises also: for it cannot flow out on the side, nor at the top, nor at the bottom, since these are inclosed; neither can it flow out behind, since there the rising board stops it: it must, therefore, rise before the board which impels it, till it arrives at the orifice for its discharge into the upper level.

A succession of these boards maintains a constant stream, and thus furnishes water from the lower grounds to the higher, even enough to assist in the cultivation of rice, which is always, when young, overflowed with water.

In Persia, and in some European countries, they still use a machine made of a long line of buckets, which are drawn up from a well and pass over a wheel, placed high above; the wheel is turned by oxen, marching round as horses do in a tan-house. The buckets that come up

are full; but as they pass over the wheel the water is poured out, and they go down empty in the well, out of which they are again drawn up full.

This explains the simile used by Balaam, Numbers, xxiv. 7. "Israel shall pour the water out of his buckets."

"They shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree, and none shall make them afraid." Micah, iv. 4.

"Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall." Genesis, xlix. 22.

The Asiatic vine-dressers take a great deal of pains to make their luxuriant vines climb up the wall, and curl over on the other side. They often effect this by tying a stone, or some other weight, to the vine, which causes it to droop over. This is very appropriately used in the Holy Scriptures, as an image of abundance and prosperity.

These vines are often made to entwine beautifully on trellises around a well, encircled with broad-leaved trees, and amid the noon-day heat of oriental countries, whole families come to re-

pose in this cool and sheltered spot. The verse from Micah is a charming picture of quiet and safety.

“Loose the shoe from off thy foot, for the place whereon thou standest is holy.” Joshua, v. 15.

It has ever been the custom in Asiatic countries to express reverence for places, or persons, by taking off the shoes. The slippers are always taken off before entering the apartments appropriated to Turkish women of high rank.

When the Persian monarch grants an audience to foreign ambassadors, they take off their shoes at stated distances, according to their rank.

“His seed shall be in many waters.” Numbers, xxiv. 7.

In these words Balaam prophesied concerning the prosperity of Israel: they do not remind us of anything like plenty, because they do not relate to such a climate and soil as our own; but we shall readily see the meaning of it, when we become acquainted with the following custom among the Egyptians. The inundations of the Nile cover the rice-grounds in Egypt with water, from seed-time until nearly harvest. The

seed, instead of being planted in the ground, as it is with us, is cast on the surface of the waters ; and when these subside, it takes root and grows luxuriantly. The great increase and prosperity of Israel is signified by “his seed being upon many waters.”

Solomon, when exhorting to acts of benevolence, makes use of the beautiful expression, “Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.” Eccl. xi. 1.

As the grain thrown upon the waves is not lost, but is sure to yield an increase, so acts of kindness and charity, though they may not appear likely to meet any reward, will surely be blessed to our own hearts.

“David stooped with his face to the earth, and bowed himself.” 1 Samuel, xxiv. 8.

The oriental manner of saluting those who are to be treated with distinguished respect, is to bow the face towards the earth, so low as to form a right angle with the feet ; while standing in this posture of humility, the hands are placed on the knees, and the feet are a little apart. In the presence of men of very high rank, and on occasions of ceremony, they fall entirely prostrate, with their faces on the ground.

THE DUKE OF BORDEAUX.

Translated from the French.

[The following account of the Duke of Bordeaux was written when that Prince was about nine years old.]

THE Duke of Bordeaux is a child of an interesting countenance, fair, pale, but full of vivacity. He has a strong voice, and speaks so loud that one would think he never conversed with any but the deaf. On court days, they dress him as a trooper of the corps of cuirassiers, which is not very becoming. He walks with ease and gentility. We paid the salute to him as if he had been a King; which seemed to us not a little ridiculous, when he drew himself up, on passing us, and gravely saluted the commandant of the post.

His under-tutors accompany him wherever he goes. At *Bagatelle** (his country house,) they assist him in trundling his wheel-barrow, after they have loyally filled it with dirt,—always addressing him by the title of my lord. They make his whips, fix his drum, and play all sorts of ludicrous gambols to make him laugh.

* *Bagatelle* means a *trifle*.

Thus the little duke, accustomed to be served and amused by grave men of high rank, forms very absurd notions of his own importance.

Bagatelle is a curious place, fitted up with artificial fountains and ledges. The best thing about it is the nursery, which consists of four buildings, and forms an oblong square.

A beautiful green-house, ornamented with coloured glass, exotic flowers, and a superb pedestal, on which stands a fine statue of Henry Fourth when a boy, forms the first of the ranges, which extends down to the stables.

Two little Corsican ponies, of the size of Newfoundland dogs, occupy the third building, and the fourth serves for the dwelling house of the family, whose office it is to attend upon these animals, and to take care of the cows, the pigeons, and poultry.

The Duke of Bordeaux is without doubt one of the noisiest little boys in the kingdom. His behaviour to companions does not show much mildness, or patience.

Like all children, the duke loves soldiers. It

* These ponies were mentioned in the September No. of the Miscellany.

must have been by listening to the notes of some strolling singer of the guards, that he learned the doggrel verses, which I once heard him humming at St. Cloud :—

The veterans tol de rol, the veterans tol de roo :
They've no right arm withal to fight ;
But they have plenty of teeth to bite,
The veterans, tol de roo.

“ Would you like to be king ?” he was one day asked, in the time of Louis XVIII. who had then become helpless, and was trundled about in a great chair. “ No,” he quickly answered, “ I had rather walk, than be a king.”

Mademoiselle, his sister, is fair, her eyes blue, her complexion perfectly transparent. She marches, folds her arms, and watches her brother to see if he salutes aright ; and from time to time, tells him, in an affected tone, to carry his sabre higher. I guess she will be famous in matters of etiquette. Mademoiselle, on account of her previous taste for command, as well as the sublime idea which she already conceived of her rank, is regarded with anxiety by some, and with dislike by others.

WINTER AND SPRING.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

“ ADIEU ! ” Father Winter gravely said
 To the world, when about to quit it ;
 With his old white wig half off his head,
 As if never made to fit it.

“ Adieu ! I’m going to the rocks and caves,
 To leave all here behind me ; —
 Or perhaps I shall sink in the northern waves,
 So deep that none can find me ! ”

“ Good luck ! good luck, to your hoary locks ! ”
 Said the gay young spring, advancing ;
 “ Go, take your nap, mid the caves and rocks,
 While I o’er the earth am dancing.”

“ There is not a spot where your foot has trod,
 You hard, old, clumsy fellow,
 Not a hill, nor a field, nor a single sod,
 But I have got to mellow.

“ And then I shall spread them o’er with grass,
 That will look so fresh and cheering,
 None will regret that they let you pass
 Far out of sight and hearing.

“ The fountains that you locked up so tight,
 When I shall give them a sunning,

Will sparkle and play in my gladdening light,
And the brooks will set off a-running.

“ I'll speak in the ground, to the hidden root,
Where you have kept it sleeping ;
And bid it send up the tender shoot,
And set the wild vine creeping.

“ The boughs that you caked all o'er with ice,
Till 'twas chilling e'en to behold them,
I shall stick them all round with buds so nice,—
My breath can alone unfold them.

“ And when the tree is in blossoms dressed,
The bird, with her song so merry,
Will come on its limb to build her nest,
By the sign of the future cherry.

“ The air and the earth by their joyfulness,
Shall show the good I am doing,
And the skies beam down with their smiles to bless
The course that I'm pursuing !”

Said Winter, then, “ I would have you learn
By me, my gay new comer,
To push off too, when it comes your turn,
And yield your place to Summer !”

ANSWER TO CONUNDRUMS, PAGE 273.

1. Because he is the prince of Whales. (Wales.)
2. The stairs are a way.
3. $\frac{7}{2}$ A pair of Scissors.
4. Because they are sick ladies. (Cyclades.)

EDWARD SIXTH.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

EDWARD Sixth, king of England, was the only son of Henry the Eighth, and succeeded his father in 1547, when only nine years of age. His mother's name was Jane Seymour; and she died when he was an infant of a few days old. He was much beloved by the people of his realm, and fell a victim to consumption, at the age of sixteen.

It is not my intention to give you a historical statement of the events of his reign, but to present to your view some of those virtues which render him worthy of admiration and esteem. He early displayed strong powers of mind, and a susceptible heart. The first six years of his life were spent under the care of females, whose virtues and accomplishments fitted them to make the happiest impressions upon the character of the young prince. Here was laid the foundation of those tender sentiments of piety, which distinguished his conduct through life, and left him at death an illustrious fame. He very early revealed a deep love and reverence for the Scriptures. A little circumstance will serve to render

this evident. Once, while playing with some infant companions, he desired to reach something from a height considerably above his head. To aid him in his purposes, they placed a large book for him to stand upon. This he discovered to be a Bible; and drawing back, took it in his arms, seriously reproving his play-fellows with the question, "Shall I trample that under my feet, which God hath commanded me to treasure up in my heart?"

At the completion of his sixth year, he was put under the tuition of learned men, and commenced the study of the Latin and French languages. He became sincerely attached to his teachers, and applied himself diligently to such branches of knowledge as they pointed out to him. A striking proof of his proficiency in the languages, we have in the following Latin letters, written when he was only eight years of age, and preserved by the historians of that day. The first, to his father, King Henry Eighth, is thus translated for my young readers :

"My letters, most noble King, and illustrious Father, have always one subject—*gratitude* for your great beneficence to me. Yet, were I to

write many more letters, I should come no nearer to a just expression of the magnitude of your goodness. For who can repay your benefits to me? Certainly none but as great a King and noble a Prince as yourself. Such I am not. Therefore does your affection to me deserve the greater thanks, because I am able in no way to recompense it. Still I will endeavour to do all that is in my power to please your Majesty, ever praying God long to preserve your life. Farewell, most noble King, and illustrious Father.

Your Majesty's most affectionate son,

Edward, Prince.

Hatfield, September 27, 1545."

Letter to his Uncle, the Earl of Hertford.

"Nature moves me to remember you, my dear Uncle, and though your business prevents me from often seeing you, yet by my letters I can approach you with a testimony of the regard that I ever bear towards you. Had I any better means than these my letters of showing my affection, I would have chosen that. Still I believe you will accept them, if not for their own merit, yet for the sake of the good-will of the writer. But it is not possible that you should

be as much pleased with the reception of these letters, as I shall be at hearing of their favourable acceptance. ‘May you have the best health in Jesus Christ.’

Edward, Prince.

Hunsdon, November 8th, 1545.”

To Queen Catharine Parr, his Mother-in-law.

“It is not through negligence, most illustrious Queen, and dearest Mother, but on account of my studies, that I have not written you more frequently. Yet I was not willing to dispense entirely with writing you, but to wait until I could write more accurately. Therefore I pray you to be contented and pleased that I have not before written. You wish me to become a proficient in every good and virtuous thing, which is a proof of your great and patient affection towards me. This affection you have declared by many benefits, especially by this New-Year’s present, just received, of his Royal Majesty’s portrait and your own.

It gives me great satisfaction to contemplate during absence the images of those whom I would most gladly have present, and who are endeared by offices of kindness, as well as by

natural affection. Wherefore, I render more thanks for this New-Year's Gift, than if you had sent me rich garments, or gold, or things held most precious and valuable. May God preserve your Highness, whom I hope soon to see.

Edward, Prince.

Hartford, January 10th, 1546."

Prince Edward, when a young child, was regular and constant in his prayers. After he was crowned King, and surrounded by the amusements and temptations of a court, nothing could induce him to neglect his daily seasons of private devotion. One day, hearing that Sir John Cheeke, who had instructed him in Latin in his childhood, was taken dangerously ill, he retired to pour out before his Father in Heaven, a request for the recovery of his beloved teacher. On being told by the physician that there was little hope of his life, he replied in the fervour of faith, "I think there is; for I have this morning begged earnestly of God in my prayers, to spare him to us." This excellent man, on being restored to health, was informed of the circumstance; and it served to endear to him more tenderly his royal pupil. Edward kept an

exact diary of every memorable circumstance, written legibly with his own hand. The conferring of every office, civil or ecclesiastical, during the whole of his reign, the receipt and expenditure of the revenue, the repair and erection of forts, the sending forth or reception of ambassadors, and all matters of business, were recorded by him, with their appropriate dates. These notes, which evince close observation and accurate judgment, are frequently quoted by ancient historians. But this young monarch, so pure in heart, and righteous in deed, was destined to a short life. A consumption made fatal inroads upon his health, and he prepared for death with the benignity of a Christian. The following prayer, used upon his dying bed, evinces how much the welfare of religion in his realm, dwelt upon his heart, in the prospect of departure.

“ My Lord God, if thou wilt deliver me from this miserable and wretched life, take me among thy chosen. Yet not *my will*, but *thy will* be done. Lord, I commit my spirit unto thee. Thou knowest how happy it were for me to be with thee. Yet, if thou dost send me life and health, grant that I may truly serve thee. Oh

my God! save thy people, and bless thine inheritance. Preserve thy chosen people of England. Maintain thy true religion, that both king and people may praise thy holy name, for Jesus Christ's sake."

This pious and excellent monarch died at Greenwich, July 6th, 1553, at the age of 16, beloved and lamented by all the people over whom he had reigned.

CHARADE.

Fifty forms my first,
But nothing is my second ;
Five just makes my third ;
My fourth's a vowel reckoned.
Now to find my whole,
Put all my parts together ;
I die if I get cold,
Yet never mind cold weather.

REBUS.

A place most dear to those who rove ;
The prize ambition strove to gain ;
A fruit that little children love ;
What mortals struggle to retain ;
A beast that fills the breast with fears ;
The soldier's and the hero's aim :
In these initials there appears
Something more prized than wealth or fame.

HELEN MARIA VON WACKENFELS.

A STORY TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY A LITTLE GIRL.

AT the beginning of the 17th century, there lived in Prague, in Bohemia, Helen Maria von Wackenfels, who belonged to the class of those remarkable children, whose natural talents unfold themselves early, and who must be looked upon as wonders of nature. Helen was only one year old, and she spoke plainly. In her second and third year, she learnt to read German and Latin; in her fourth year she wrote very well; in her seventh and eighth year she spoke Latin fluently; and in her ninth year she made some progress in the Greek and Bohemian languages. She was also well skilled in arithmetic, singing, and in music. She could also sew, spin, and embroider. Her form was beautiful, her manners polite and agreeable, her memory excellent, her eloquence great; to which she united much prudence and good sense, and excited the most delightful hopes for the future. But she caught the small pox, and died the 30th of May, 1607, at the age of ten years.

M. B. W.

THE CROCUS'S SOLILOQUY.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

Down in my solitude under the snow,
 Where nothing cheering can reach me,
 Here, without light to see how to grow,
 I'll trust Dame Nature to teach me.

I'll not despair, nor be idle, nor frown,
 Though in so gloomy a dwelling;
 My leaves shall run up, and my roots shall run down,
 And the bud in my bosom be swelling.

Soon as the snow shall get off from my bed,
 Leaving it loosen'd to free me,
 I will peep up with little bright head,—
 All will be joyful to see me.

While from my heart my young petals diverge,
 As rays of the sun from their focus,
 I from the darkness of earth shall emerge,
 A happy and beautiful crocus!

Gaily array'd in my yellow and green,
 When to their view I have risen,
 They'll be surprised that a thing so serene
 Came forth from so gloomy a prison.

Many, perhaps, from so simple a flower
 One useful lesson may borrow:
 Being patient to-day, through its darkest hour,
 We come out the brighter to-morrow!

SOME TALK ABOUT MALTA.

PROBABLY my readers all know that the island of Malta, south of Sicily, in the Mediterranean Sea, is the same island which was anciently called Melita, where St. Paul was so hospitably received when he was wrecked, and where the viper fastened on his hand.

The Maltese keep the anniversary of the Apostle's shipwreck with much pomp and splendour. On this great occasion, windows and balconies are crowded with spectators; the houses in the principal streets are hung with brilliant drapery of various colours, trailing upon the pavement; the long processions of monks carry gilt crosses sparkling in the sunshine, and wave censers smoking with incense; they move along with solemn chaunt, amid the tolling of bells and the waving of banners; the image of St. Paul, in gilded raiment, is borne aloft on a platform, and the multitude all kneel when they look upon it. These people are sincere in the worship they bestow upon a lifeless image, and we have no right to despise anything that is con-

scientious ; but it is a great pity they have not been taught that there is no real religion except what lives in the heart, and governs our minutest actions.

Malta is likewise famous in mythological fable. A rocky dell on this island opens into several caves, which are supposed to have formed the celebrated grotto of Calypso ; where she received the shipwrecked Ulysses, and by her fascinations detained him seven years.

The Knights Hospitallers, of the order of St. John, were in ancient times sovereigns of Malta. They fortified it with strong walls and garrisons, which their Mahometan enemies often besieged in vain. The numerous prizes, which these valiant knights took from the Turks, made them very wealthy ; and a great deal of their riches were employed in magnificent public improvements.

In La Valetta, the principal city, there was not formerly a sufficient supply of water. In the year 1616, the grand master of the knights erected an aqueduct, by means of which pure water was conveyed into the reservoir in palace-square, over many thousand noble arches, extending more than thirteen miles. He finished

this costly structure entirely at his own expense. In the days of their prosperity, these knights established a vast hospital for the sick of all nations. They personally attended the invalids, and served their food on silver plate. Once a year, in token of humility, they washed the feet of the poor. This princely Order gradually decayed; in modern times Malta was for a time under the power of Bonaparte, from whom it was taken by Lord Nelson; and it is now dependent on England.

In Malta, as in most warm climates, the roofs of the houses are flat and plastered, so as to serve for places of promenade in the coolness of evening. The stone-work of the balconies is often fantastically carved, and the frames painted with various colours. The lower windows are protected by massive iron grates, which make them look like convents, or prisons.

The lower class of men in Malta wear no other clothing than loose cotton drawers, and woollen caps, which do not shade their sun-burnt faces. When the women go abroad, they are dressed entirely in black. Instead of bonnets, their heads are covered with a black silk mantle, which descends half way to their feet.

The part that covers the head is furnished with a piece of whale-bone, to prevent the silk from dropping over the eyes. These figures, all dressed alike, and so muffled up that nothing can be seen but a pair of sparkling eyes, and now and then a fore-finger peeping out from the ample folds of their mantles, make the streets of Malta appear quite dismal to a foreigner. The fashion of this mantle has descended from very ancient times. The complexion of the Maltese ladies is a dark olive, with a slight mulatto tinge.

There are an immense number of monks on this little island. If boys are intended for the priesthood, they are dressed just like priests, sometimes when they are not more than four years old. I am sure you would laugh if you were to meet one of these droll little figures. They wear a three-cornered hat, with a broad brim; a full-skirted coat, with a single row of buttons, made rounding from the waist, downward, like one of the quiet followers of William Penn; a long, old-fashioned vest, buttoned to the chin; tight small-clothes, and black stockings; shoes high on the instep, with monstrous buckles; a black leathern stock about the neck; and over it a frill of white lawn, made to lap

close. Their heads are partly shaved, in imitation of their seniors.

The Maltese have no fire-places in their houses ; they do their cooking on little portable stone stoves, which they place in the street. Sometimes, when the barbers are too poor to hire a shop, they shave their customers in the open air, with no other conveniences than a razor, a basin, a round-about chair, a ragged towel, and a small looking-glass hung against the wall.

The bakers knead bread with their naked feet. Where there is an ascent, the streets of La Valetta are made like stair-ways. If the horses and carriages were flying about, as they are in the streets of Boston, this would be very inconvenient ; but the mules and donkeys used by the Maltese can mount these steps as well as you or I could.

Malta produces delicious figs and oranges. The blood-orange is the peculiar boast of the island ; it is so called, because the pulp is streaked with red.

The Maltese are extremely fond of cultivating shrubs and flowers. The climate is so mild, that the plants which we are obliged to cultivate

in a green-house, will grow there luxuriantly in the open air. The inhabitants not only place ornamental shrubbery in their balconies, but frequently in their halls, and along the stairways leading from the courts of their houses : and among these are canary birds singing merrily in their cages. Beautiful fresh flowers, tastefully arranged, are constantly offered for sale in the market-stalls.

In the cities, the inhabitants are furnished with goat's milk in the following manner : the animals have a basket of grass tied round their necks in such a way as to enable them to eat while they are walking about ; they are led round to the houses of customers, and milked from door to door.

The Maltese, in common with several other nations, still retain the ancient custom of treading out their grain by oxen, instead of using a flail, or threshing machine.

That beautiful race of animals called Maltese cats, belong to this island ; I do not know whether they are peculiar to it. Sea-captains sometimes bring them to this country, and I presume most of my readers have seen them. They are more sagacious than common cats ; they can be

taught to stand up and beg with their fore-paws, like a dog. They are usually beautifully formed, and have a fine, glossy, slate-coloured fur.

The Maltese acquire languages with wonderful facility. From infancy they are accustomed to foreigners of all nations ; and they soon learn to talk to each in his native tongue. A very intelligent traveller tells us, that he saw a little girl four years old, who talked with her father in Italian, with her mother in English, and with her nurse in Maltese ; her little tongue slipped from one language to the other with the utmost ease.

This interesting island, when it was first given to the Knights of St. John, by Charles 5th, was rocky, barren, and almost defenceless. By prodigious industry, a soil has been formed above the rocks, and the coast everywhere defended by entrenchments, castles, forts, and batteries. The buildings, both great and small, have an ancient and warlike appearance, like citadels and towers. There are some handsome public buildings. The church of St. John's is particularly magnificent. It has a pavement of different coloured marble, in which the arms of the famous old knights are emblazoned in mo-

saic. The richly carved ornaments are gilded with sequin gold ; and the walls are ornamented with very valuable pictures. In this church was a relic, which the Catholics believed to be the hand of St. John, the fingers of which were ornamented with gold and precious gems. A lamp of pure gold was suspended from the ceiling, by a long chain of the same costly material ; and in the treasury were some extremely valuable articles of great antiquity and rare workmanship.

The French soldiers plundered everything that could be melted into ingots of gold and silver ; they even stripped the hand of St. John of its ornaments. These stolen treasures were all lost ; the vessel which contained them being blown up by Lord Nelson.

Amid the monuments of former grandeur and wealth, there is in Malta a vast proportion of miserable, starving beggars. Multitudes can find nothing to do, and are obliged to sleep in the streets, and beg a morsel of bread of those who pass by. They try all manner of means to obtain a sufficiency of daily food. A musician, who was too poor to buy an instrument, or even the materials for making one, resorted to an in-

genious expedient, which I do not believe you or I would have thought of. He made a bagpipe of the skin of a dead dog, leaving the head, legs, and tail, just as they had been in life. In the mouth he fixed a cow's horn, punched with the requisite number of holes for playing. A small pipe was inserted into one of the fore-paws, by means of which the instrument was filled with wind. As he played, he carried it under his arm ; and the shape had been so well preserved, that it seemed like a live dog squeaking in strange music.

There is in Malta, as well as in many other Catholic countries, the custom of keeping a very singular festival, which lasts three days, and is called the Carnival. During this time the people dress in masquerade, play all manner of antics with each other, and do just as they please. The principal streets are all in a hurly-burly. Some of the crowd dress in imitation of the Knaves of Cards, some like Turks, Arabs, and Chinese—some are disguised as Clowns, and others as Satyrs and Fools. Even little children join in the masquerade—some dressed like a Highland Chief, with tartan plaid, kilt, bonnet, and plume ; others like a Turkish Aga, with

turban, full trowsers, and ataghan. Ladies sometimes assume the dress of a military officer ; and old weather-beaten sailors come out decked in the gauzes and ribbons of a dashing English belle. The spectators, from the balconies and side-walks, pelt the crowd with sugar-plums, and are greatly diverted with seeing the scrambling they occasion. Such jokes are practised on friends and acquaintance, as our boys sometimes indulge in on April fool-day.

The observance of Carnival has a very bad effect on the character of the people ; and the spectacle is very improper and injurious to children—all is riot, vulgarity, and drunkenness. Some good Catholic monks, sensible of this pernicious influence, tried to persuade the boys not to join in the uproar. They promised that every one, who would during Carnival repair to a place selected in the suburbs of the city, and stay there till evening, should be rewarded with a loaf of bread and an orange.

There are so many wretchedly poor in Malta, that about three hundred children were induced to accept the offer ; and boys are so fond of bustle and fun, that I dare say they were obliged to practise no little self-denial for the sake of the orange and bread.

It is a very great pity that the good intentions of the monks were defeated by a melancholy accident, which originated in unpardonable carelessness. The three hundred boys dragged through the first day of the Carnival, at the place appointed for them; and, by some unlucky neglect, were not sent for to return to La Valetta till night had closed in. They were conducted to the Capuchin convent, where one of the friars talked with them in the hall. It was arranged that while his discourse was proceeding, the children should pass in file to a table loaded with the promised gifts, each to receive his loaf and orange, and then retire through a different passage from that by which they came in. Beyond the hall there was a range of apartments, connected with a long corridor, which terminated in a broad flight of stone steps, leading down into the street. The door at the bottom of these steps opened inward, and by some accident had shut to. The night was dark and gusty; and the lamp which had been lighted in the passage was blown out. The boys who were first dismissed, being ignorant of the descent at the end of the gallery, were precipitated down the stairs against the closed

door. As their companions hastened from the hall with their presents, they fell rapidly one upon another. No person being within hearing, the cries of the little sufferers were for a while unheeded ; and as the pile of bodies thickened, the voices of those who had fallen first were stifled by suffocation. Some passengers in the street heard the screams of the children ; and one of them came into the hall where the monk was exhorting, and gave the alarm. The priest, not supposing there was any serious danger, was offended at the interruption. In this way, two or three minutes more were lost ; but the alarm spreading, the door was broken through from the street, and a heap of bruised, dying, and suffocated bodies, tumbled upon the pavement. The wounded were put on litters, and borne to a hospital. More than forty died, and were buried in one common grave ! The agony of the mothers and relatives was terrible to behold. The carelessness of the friars excited so much indignation, that they were obliged to escape from the city for a time to avoid the fury of the populace.

Afterward they did not dare to renew their benevolent scheme ; and the Maltese boys are

left to scramble and shout among the Africans, Chinese, Turks, monkeys, and dancing bears, that compose the motley crowd at Carnival.*

* The above facts are almost entirely extracted from an interesting volume, called, *Travels in Malta and Sicily*, by Andrew Bigelow, Author of *Leaves from a Journal in North Britain and Ireland*.

NEW-ZEALAND IDEAS OF WRITING.

THE first time Finou, a New-Zealand Chief, saw any writing, he asked to have something written for him; being asked what he chose, he answered, "Put down me." The man accordingly wrote his name, and read it to him. The chief, suspecting it was all a trick, sent for another Englishman, and asked him what was on that paper; when he again heard his name, the ignorant savage was completely astonished and puzzled. He turned the paper round, and looked at the word in all directions: at last, he exclaimed, "This is not like me, or any body else! Where are my legs? How do you know it to be I?"

THE HAIR WATCH-CHAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE WHITE KITTEN WITH A BLACK NOSE.

THOUGH it is a great happiness for a sister to have a brother near her own age, it sometimes leads her into sports and plays that do not so much belong to girls as boys. Mrs. Barton's ill health and suffering, confined her very much to her chamber, and made her unable to amuse Caroline as she had the inclination to do; the little girl, therefore, often felt the want of a companion, when Charles was engaged with his playmates. One amusement they had together, and that was the care of their gardens. Their mother had a piece of ground set off for them, and she told them they might mutually assist each other. Charles could dig Caroline's, and she in return could aid him in planting his seeds and weeding his own garden. All this went on very well—the gardens were both in good order. Perhaps some who read this book, may like to know the general plan upon which they were laid out: I will therefore first give an account of Charles's garden, as Caroline's was modelled by it. In the first place, it was a piece of ground

about eight feet wide and ten long ; it would be very well for any one who understands enough of arithmetic, to cast up and see how many square feet the whole included. But this is not my intention : I am only describing the form and arrangements. Just on the outer edge of the garden, was planted a hedge of box, which served to mark the boundaries, and prevented his mother's gardener from encroaching upon it ; it was then divided into four squares by the broadest alleys ; then again each square was divided into four more by narrower ones : it would be easy to reckon up, and find out how many squares this made in the whole.

Charles and Caroline had many discussions about the kind of garden it was best to have. Charles thought he should like to have radishes and strawberries in his ; for he was very fond of them himself, and then it would be such pleasure to gather a plate of one, and a basket of the other, for his mother. It was true, her garden abounded in both ; but Charles was quite sure his would be much better, for he meant to devote himself to them : to water them night and morning, and dig round them every day, that they might come up with greater ease.

“ Ah ! brother,” said Caroline, sorrowfully, “ remember my poor little kitten, and not ‘ kill them with kindness.’ ”

“ Caroline,” said Charles, resting on his spade, “ I wish you would never name that kitten to me again : I can’t bear to think of it. I did not really feel any ill will towards it, and I don’t know how I could, it was such an innocent, playful little creature ; but some how or other, it provoked me to see you making so much more of it than you did of me or Ranger ; and so I called it ‘ black-nose,’ and said it was good for nothing. I am sorry now, but it is too late ! ”

“ It is a comfort, brother,” said Caroline, “ it was nothing but a kitten ; because, you know,” added she, hesitating, “ you could not hurt *her* feelings. If it had been *me*, you would have been a great deal more sorry.”

“ Oh ! Caroline,” exclaimed Charles, “ I never, never, will say an unkind thing to you again—unless you first begin it, and say Ranger is cross and ill-tempered. Caroline,” added he, “ you know you wanted me to give you half of my China-aster seeds ? ” “ Yes,” said she ; “ but you know you said you had only enough for yourself.” “ Well, I have thought better of

it: I will give you all; and I will give you part of my hautboy strawberry vines, so that *you* may have a basket for mamma, too." "How kind you are, my dear Charles," said Caroline, embracing him; "how good you are to me!" "I will always be good to you," replied he; "I will never say any unkind thing to you, if you *do* begin it first. Oh! Caroline, if it had have been *you*, instead of the white kitten!"

"What are you going to put in this corner," said Caroline. "I have got some fine musk melon-seeds," replied Charles; "here is the green Minorca, and here is the pocket melon." "And what in that bed?" "Why, I believe I shall put cucumbers in that." Here Caroline began to laugh. "What are you laughing at?" said Charles. "Oh, nothing, nothing!" replied Caroline; but she still was unable to repress her smiles.

"Yes, you *are* laughing at something," said Charles; "and what's more, you shall tell me." "I can't, indeed," said Caroline; "you will only be angry." Charles's determination to know was confirmed by this delay: "Tell me this moment," said he, seizing her by the arm. "Oh! Charles," exclaimed she, "you hurt me."

“I *will* hurt you, if you don’t tell me,” said he, letting go her arm. “Well, then,” said Caroline, “if you must know, I had a good mind to advise you to plant *peppers* in the other corner; and the thought of it made me laugh.”

Now we must inform our readers, that Charles from his infancy had been compared to a pepper-pot, and even been called by that name; he could not therefore mistake his sister’s meaning. He threw down his spade, and flew at her in one of those fits of passion that always made her tremble; in a moment, however, some recollection seemed to come over him—his countenance became calm, even melancholy; and he said, as he turned away, “If it was not for the white kitten, I would make you laugh t’ other side of your mouth.”

After Charles’s garden was all arranged, and the seeds planted, then he set about Caroline’s. But she wanted her’s a little different: she would have a round place in the centre, and in that she planted a damask rose bush; then at each corner were planted lupin seeds; in short, Caroline would have nothing but flowers in her’s. Though Charles said, “It was just like girl’s nonsense,” yet he very kindly obeyed her

wishes, and did all she asked him; and he took back his strawberry vines, and put them in his own garden. Now all was planted except the China-aster seeds, and those Caroline said she would plant herself; and she had reserved a whole bed for them.

"I will show you how," said Charles. "I thank you," said Caroline, "but I know how I want them done;" and she evidently did not wish to plant them while he was by.

"I know you can't make them look like any thing when they come up," said he; "you must make a little furrow in the ground in a straight line, just so; now give me the seeds, and I will sow them for you." Caroline still refused, and Charles had great difficulty in keeping his temper; but he succeeded at last, and grew good-humoured.

The gardens had occupied a good deal of time—all their play-hours; but now they were dug and planted, and there was nothing more at present could be done to them. "What shall we do now, Charles?" said Caroline. "I have enough to do," replied he; "I can sail kites, and play at bat and ball, and leap-frog, and a hundred other things; but what can girls

do?" "If you would only teach me," said Caroline, "I could do all *you* can. I can walk on your stilts as well as you: only see me"—and she ran and got them, mounted herself upon them, and Charles was obliged to acknowledge that she did very well. At leap-frog, which they next tried, she did not succeed so well; she constantly came down in the wrong place, and her clothes proved a great annoyance. "At least," said Caroline, I can play at bat and ball;" but here again Charles had all the play.

"Suppose we try a wrestling-match?" said he, beginning to exult in his superior powers. Caroline placed herself as he directed, with her arms interlaced in his. "Now show foot," said he; Caroline put forward her slender little foot—he placed his suddenly behind her ankle, and threw her on the ground. "Where are you now," said he, laughing. Caroline got up, and refused to wrestle any more.

"Shall we have a swimming-match in the pond?" said Charles. "You know," said Caroline, "I can't swim." "That's true," said he; "for my part I don't know what you can do." "I can sew," said Caroline, meekly. "Sew!" repeated he, scornfully; "but you are

not to blame, Carry, because you was born a girl. I'll tell you what I'll do to amuse you : I'll take you to sail, and that will be better than swimming." "But you know, Charles," said Caroline, "mamma has charged us never to get into the boat." "I know that very well," said he, "and I have no thoughts of disobeying her ; but I have a contrivance—let me alone for that. Come along," and he took her hand and pulled her along, at first unwillingly, across a pasture which led to the pond. It was wet and marshy, for it was the spring of the year ; before they arrived at the pond, Caroline had gone quite over her shoes in mud. When they reached the spot, they found a number of boards laying upon the bank ; for Mrs. Barton had given orders to have a bathing-house erected. "Now," said Charles, "mamma never told us we must not sail upon a board ; and I will go and get one of the oars out of the boat, and carry you over to Duck island." "I think, Charles," said Caroline, hesitating, "mamma meant a board as much as a boat." "How could she," said Charles, "when she never thought of such a thing?" "I wish you would let me run in and ask her?" said Caroline. "You had better, in

that pickle," said Charles; "mudded up to your chin. Come on, my girl, get on the board"—Caroline's courage now failed her; but it was too late, for Charles had already pushed off. She intreated to be put ashore; and when the water rushed over the board, she screamed with fright. The sound of her voice reached the servant, Sam, who saw them running towards the pond, and he hastened to the spot. Caroline was too frightened to observe any directions: she clung to Charles—the board lost its balance, tipped, and they were both precipitated into the water. If Charles had had presence of mind enough to save his sister by swimming, the manner in which she clung to him wholly prevented the use of his limbs. It was to Sam they were both probably indebted for their lives.

An accident like this, the consequence of disobedience, might have had a good effect upon Charles, and cured him of his self-sufficiency, if he had not attributed it wholly to his sister's terror. He candidly acknowledged to his mother, that he did wrong to go upon the water, because he knew that was what she meant to prohibit; but he could not resist throwing out insinuations, that men and women

thought very differently on these subjects; and that if he was always to behave like a girl, he might as well have been born one at once.

It was unfortunate for Charles's humility, that he was the only boy of the family. There were many services he could render his mother, that it would have been improper for his sister to do; and, indeed, Mrs. Barton had insensibly contributed to his overweening sense of importance, by representing to him that it was to him she looked as the future head of the family. It was by his virtues, however, and his honourable principles, that she hoped he would distinguish himself; and she now saw with regret, that the mere circumstance of his being born a boy instead of a girl, elated his pride, and that the violence of his temper often led him into error. She was too wise, however, to expect to conquer these evils at once: she knew it must be the work of time.

There were a great many things Caroline could do that Charles could not. She could draw very prettily: her mother had bought her a box of paints; and when she had drawn the outlines remarkably well, she would instruct her in colouring them. Charles made many at-

tempts ; but he had no natural taste, and professed rather to despise it as a girl's employment.

One day, a young gentleman was visiting his mother from West Point. He spoke of drawing as taught there, and asked Charles if he had begun to take lessons. He answered him rather arrogantly, that he left such employments for his sister. The young gentleman requested to see Caroline's drawings ; he was pleased with the neatness and capacity they indicated, and offered while he remained in town to give her lessons. When Charles found that by simple rules of perspective, Caroline could draw houses, and even ships and fortifications, he began to feel a little mortified at his own ignorance.

Caroline saw her brother make his kites : she observed very narrowly how he went to work, and she said, " I think, Charles, I could make one ;" but he treated the idea with contempt. Not long after she produced one, that Charles was obliged to confess was made neater than his own. It was evident he began to feel more respect for his sister's capacity, and spoke less slightly of the sex in general.

Caroline had been taught to weave watch-chains of hair : it was a very nice operation, and

required great patience. Three or four hairs were tied to a thread at each end, and then the thread fastended to a heavy bobbin. Then a frame was fixed on the table, resembling the covers of a book partly open; indeed, a large book perfectly answered the purpose of a frame. A number were tied in this way, perhaps sixteen or twenty; then a large pin was placed in the centre of the back, and the hair laid over it, and the bobbins fell each way. It took a great deal of time to get them ready; but when Caroline began to weave, it was very quick and easy work. Charles had looked on while she was weaving—it was a dark, glossy lock of their mother's hair, cut from her head before sorrow or sickness had strewed white hairs amongst it. "How beautiful it is, Caroline!" said he; "I wish I could weave a watch-chain of this hair." "I will teach you, brother, if you wish me to," said she; "but I am afraid you have not patience for it; and I have only enough for two; and mamma," added she, with a gentle sigh, "has *now* no more such. If you once get it entangled, it is spoilt: perhaps you had better let me do it for you." "No, no," replied Charles, "I had rather do it myself; but I shall be obliged to you to show me."

With great good-nature, Caroline left her own hairs, and went to work for Charles. He was very clumsy about tying the hairs to a thread, and sometimes was on the point of giving up; but Caroline assisted him, and indeed did the greatest part herself; it took till dinner-time to get all ready. In the afternoon, Caroline was going to walk with one of her young friends; but Charles was so eager to complete his watch-chain that she gave up her walk, and got permission of her mother to make use of a large book for a frame; she opened the book and placed it upon a chair—the back of the chair supporting the book in a slanting position, she then stuck the pin firmly near the top of the back, and put the hair over it, one thread after another. Nothing could look neater: every bobbin on each side, kept its place in perfect order; she then took a low cricket, and seated herself before it and began to weave. She was soon able to shew Charles what it would be, and after he understood her manner of crossing the bobbins, she gave him her seat and stood by to direct him. Charles went on remarkably well; and though he sometimes made a mistake, and Caroline was obliged to take his seat and

go back in the work, he preserved his patience wonderfully well; in a short time half an inch was completed. "I have no doubt," said Charles, regarding it with complacency, "but I could do any work you can." "Perhaps you could," said Caroline "with as much *shewing* as you have had now."

"I don't think I have had so very much," replied Charles, "to be sure you helped me tie the hair, but that was only getting it ready, it was what is called the mechanical part." "I don't know what it is called," said Caroline, "but I know it is the most difficult part."

"I am often struck with your ignorance," said Charles. "Thank you brother," said Caroline, dropping him a low courtesy. "Now I will illustrate my remark," continued Charles, putting himself into the attitude of Dr. Burr, his preceptor. "You had better illustrate your watch-chain," said Caroline.

"You don't know the meaning of the word," said Charles, "illustrate, means to explain." "Then why did not you say explain," said Caroline.

"It means something a little different," replied Charles, "it means—it means—" continued he, hesitating.

“It means,” said Caroline, bursting into a laugh, “that you don’t know what it means ; but take care or you will move the chair, and then the book will shut up.”

“I told you I would illustrate my remark,” said Charles. “Suppose I set out to build me a house, I must have boards, and nails, and locks, and window-glass, and a thousand other things ; well, the man brings them and lays them all down at the door in a pile.”

“Lays them down at the door,” exclaimed Caroline, “before the house is built !”

“You know what I mean,” said Charles angrily, “lays them where the house is to *be* built. Well, then the difficult part is to put them together—no, to direct mechanics how to put them together—where to make a window, where to make a closet, where to make a chimney.” “And where to make *a door* !” interrupted Caroline. “Can’t you hold your tongue for a minute,” said Charles, “and attend to what I say ?”

“I understand now,” said Caroline, “what you mean by *illustrate*, and I will illustrate too. Suppose I wanted to make a watch for my chain : well, I go to work, and make that little wheel

which they call the balance-wheel, and I make the chain, and I make the springs, and I make the hands, and in short every thing, that mamma got the watch-maker to show us the other day. Well, after I got them all made in the nicest manner, then, you know, he said any good watch-maker could put them together. But if I make you a watch," said she, playfully, "you never will get a chain for it at this rate; come, weave away." At that moment, the servant opened the door, and told her Miss Cornelia Ware wished to speak with her. "I know what she wants of me," said Caroline "it is to take a walk with her. I will just run and tell her I can't go."

"You need not stay on my account," said Charles, "I can do perfectly well without you."

"Can you?" said Caroline; "well then, I *will* go, for I promised her I would;" and she went out to get her hat and shawl; as she returned she looked into the door, and said, "now pray, Charles, be careful, and don't move the chair."

"Teach your granny," said Charles. It must be confessed he had caught many vulgar ways of speaking from the boys in the street, and his mother often reproved him.

Caroline with her friend Cornelia, for whom

she had a growing intimacy, set off on their walk : they had agreed to go over to Charlestown, and see the monument on Bunker Hill. They had both contributed their half dollars towards its completion, and perhaps on this account felt greater interest in it.

After Caroline's departure, Charles continued to do very well for a little while ; at length he perceived he was going wrong ; he tried to undo his work, but it looked worse and worse. His patience entirely failed him ; he grew hot and red, wished poor Caroline had been at the top of one of the pyramids in Egypt, which he had that day been reading an account of, before she had set him about such a foolish job. After twisting and pulling, first one bobbin, then another, he gave the chair a sudden kick, over it went, and down came book, hair work, and bobbins ! The labour of the whole day was thrown away by a sudden fit of passion ; and what were worse, the locks—the precious locks of his mother's hair, so smooth, and black, and glossy, were now entangled and spoiled. Time had not done it ; for it was just as beautiful when he first had it, as when she cut it off and preserved it for her children. It was not time—it was the impatient and ungovernable temper of her son !

A DREAM.

WHEN I had read that beautiful little fairy-story, called a Visit to the Elves, the thoughts which it had brought to mind remained with me a long time. The old hut, and the dark pine trees, and the shadows seen at twilight, seemed to me like the gloomy ideas we have of death. As little Maria was afraid to cross the bridge, beyond which all looked so mournful, so do mortals fear to die; but when the child had passed into that melancholy region, she suddenly found that all things were bright and lovely—and thus will the innocent and good rejoice when they enter another world. I will now tell you a dream which one of my friends related to me.

“I was,” said she, “in a lovely land, far lovelier than anything I had ever seen. The blue waters, so clear that you could see into their inmost depths, flowed over beds of shining gold; the light had a peculiar *expression*, like the glances of a loving eye; and the shadows were so transparent, that the various hues of the bright-coloured flowers could be seen distinctly through them; the leaves, as they moved in the air, sounded like a multitude of Æolian

harps, only the breathing melody was more regular, and each seemed to perform a part in one beautiful tune, like many mingled voices. When I turned to ask how these things were, I found myself surrounded by children as radiant as the fairy Serina. Some were laughing in the trees, some were peeping through the rose-bushes, among which their bright hair shone like gleams of sunshine; what surprised me most was, that there were little babes among them, who walked and talked like the rest; and yet they were very little babes. I said, 'What land is this, where the trees move in music?' A little one answered, 'All things in the universe move in music, but mortals do not always hear it; for sometimes the sounds are too soft and low, and sometimes they are too fine and high, for the human ear; but in this world, colours are but written sounds, and every motion is audible music.' I laughed when she said this, for she seemed like an infant six months old; and as she talked, she fed a little pearl-coloured dove: when I looked at her, it seemed to me to be very funny that she should be so wise.

"Before I could ask her what world I was in, I heard a ringing shout of many voices, like

a chorus of silver bells; and all the children were jumping and dancing with joy. ‘What is the matter?’ I exclaimed; ‘and why are you so glad?’ They answered,—and all their sweet voices sounded as one voice,—‘Because there is a good little child dying in the world, and we are so glad she is coming to live with us!’ ‘How will she get here?’ I asked. The little one, who had been feeding the dove, pointed to a verdant arch in the distance, through which I saw hills and valleys in the shadows of twilight; ‘The little mortal child will come through that arch,’ she said; ‘for that is death.’ Is she not afraid to come?’ I asked. ‘She *was* afraid,’ they answered; ‘because when she first came near the arch, she could not see how bright and pleasant it is on this side; but now she sees us, and hears our happy voices; and she *wishes* to come to us.’ Then I turned to look at the mortal child as she passed through that green bower, beyond which all was twilight; and lo! she had already come through the arch, and with a happy face was bounding toward her bright companions; they ran toward her, offering their doves and their roses; and I heard the music of many voices as one voice, saying, ‘The mortal child has become immortal.’”

NEW BOOKS.

SINCE I last mentioned that excellent set of books called THE LIBRARY OF ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE, there has been a volume published, called "Paris and its Historical Scenes," giving an account of the wonderful and interesting events which have happened in the capital of France, with engravings of some of the most remarkable places.

Another volume is called "Historical Parallels," in which the characters of great historical personages are brought into comparison with each other. These are both good; but the last volume particularly pleased me, and I am sure it will delight children. It is entitled, the "Architecture of Birds," and describes how those beautiful and cunning little creatures construct their various habitations. Here is the picture of the dwelling of a tribe of the Sociable Grosbeak (*Loxia Socia*.)



These birds are found in several oriental countries. They are called *sociable*, because they all live together under one roof; some travellers have called them *republicans*, for a similar reason. The roof is made of Boshman's grass, woven very thick and very firmly. Each bird builds its particular nest under the eaves of this canopy. A projecting rim carries off the rain-water, and the interior is kept perfectly dry. When these nests get old, they are often deserted, and may be frequently found on the trees, bending the boughs with their weight.

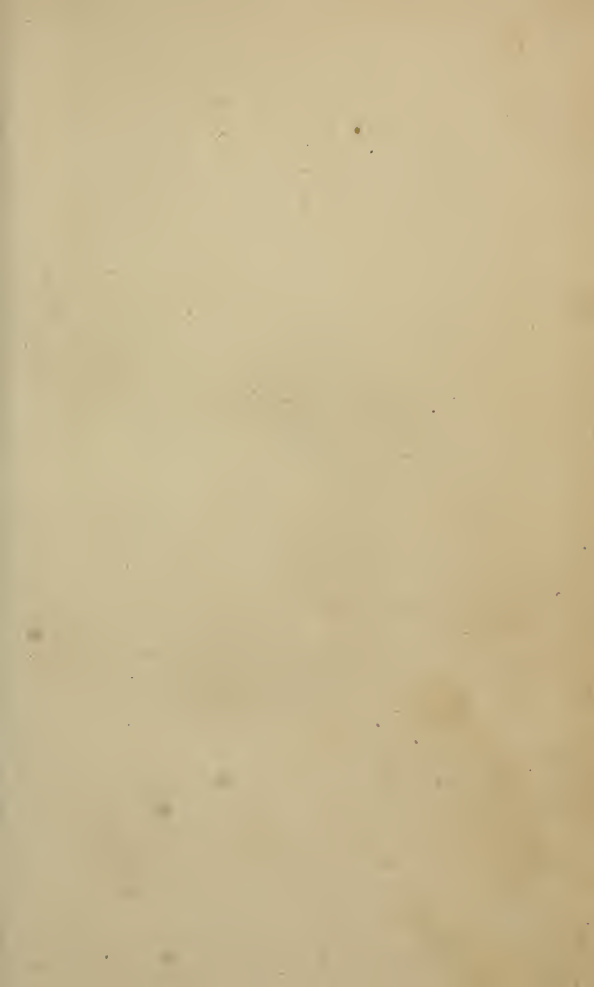
A very useful book has been lately published, called "A COURSE OF CALISTHENICS, for the use of Families and Schools." All exercises are omitted except such as are safe, graceful, and proper. I believe judicious mothers will like it. These exercises tend greatly to promote vigour and agility; and in a city, they are particularly valuable, because it is often difficult for girls to take a sufficient quantity of exercise in narrow courts and crowded streets.

Franklin Edmands, Court-street, has published the second No. of his LILLIPUTIAN QUARTO. It contains the story of a Tinman who stole a little negro girl, with the intent of selling her for a slave. It was written by Miss Leslie, of Philadelphia. It is a true story, and is one of the best and most interesting that was ever written for children.

A gentleman, much interested in education, and very judicious in his ideas, has begun to publish a paper for children, to be used in schools and families, called THE JUVENILE RAMBLER. The first three numbers, which are all I have seen, please me extremely. It contains anecdotes, information of all kinds likely to interest children, and descriptions of Natural History, with pictures.

ERRATUM IN LAST NO.

Page 263, for "covering spoons," read "carrying spoons."

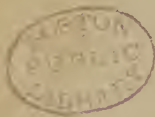








THE LITTLE LORD AND THE FARMER.



JUVENILE MISCELLANY.

VOL. II. NO II.

MAY AND JUNE,

THE LITTLE LORD AND THE FARMER.

A little lord, engaged in play,
Carelessly threw his ball away ;
So far beyond the brook it flew,
His lordship knew not what to do.

It chanced there passed a farmer's boy,
Whistling a tune in childish joy ;
His frock was patched, and his hat was old,
But the farmer's heart was very bold.

" You little chap ! pick up my ball !"
His saucy lordship loud did call—
He thought it useless to be polite
To one whose clothes were in such a plight.

" Do it yourself, for want of me,"
The boy replied right manfully ;
Then quietly he passed along,
Whistling aloud his fav'rite song.

His little lordship furious grew—
For he was proud and hasty too.

"I'll break your bones!" he rudely cries,
While fire was flashing from his eyes.

And heedless quite what steps he took,
He tumbled plump into the brook;
And as he fell, he dropped his bat,
And next he lost his beaver hat.

"Come, help me out!" enraged he cried—
But the sturdy farmer thus denied:
"Alter your tone, my little man,
"And then I'll help you all I can—

"There are few things I would not dare
"For gentlemen, who speak me fair;
"But for rude words I do not choose
"To tire my feet and wet my shoes."

"Please help me," then his lordship said;
"I'm sorry I was so ill-bred."
"'Tis all forgot," replied the boy,
And gave his hand with honest joy.

The proffered aid his lordship took,
And soon came safely from the brook;
His looks were downcast and aside,
For he felt ashamed of his silly pride.

The farmer brought his ball and bat,
And wiped the wet from his drowning hat;
And he mildly said, as he went away,
"Remember the lesson you've learned to-day.

"Be kind to all you chance to meet,
"In field, or lane, or crowded street—
"Anger and pride are both unwise—
"Vinegar never catches flies."

SPRING IN THE CITY.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

“WHAT are you gazing at, Grace? and what are you thinking of?”

“I am looking at the fresh, soft, green leaves, that are coming out on the old willow, by Columbia College—and I am thinking of home.”

“And how lovely that home appears now, that spring is smiling on it—hey, Grace?”

“Yes, and how disagreeable it is to be shut up in a city, where spring never comes; spring with all its sweet sights, sounds, and odours.”

“Do not say so, Grace; there is a breathing of spring even here, in this spacious and compact city. The town is not all buried in smoke, and noisome damp. These two hundred thousand inhabitants of our great city are not quite deprived of the joyous influences of the season. Let us put on our hats, and walk to the battery, and see if we cannot find some witnesses for nature—some intimations of the coming on of gentle spring. How soon we are equipped! No india-rubbers, nor wadded shoes to be put on, no heavy cloaks, nor fur tippets. Your straw cottage-hat, green ribbon, and pink mus-

lin, are the colours of the flushing year; and, my most ungracious Grace, you, who say that spring never comes in the city, just have the goodness to look over the way, upon our sable West-India neighbours. How often we pitied them in the winter when we saw them open a crack of the door to receive the milk-man, and the baker; and now mark the change. Doors, and windows, are all wide open. The old man is resting his grey head on the window-sill, fast asleep; the old woman sits by, fondling her lap-dog, and their little trig grand-daughter, playing on her Jew's-harp, and keeping time with her pretty head, which has such a piquant turn, with its graceful creole turban. See, she has a bouquet of daisies and daffodils at her belt. Ask her if it is spring! But come along, Grace; we must begin our walk."

"I am ready.—Oh, if it were only a walk with Miss Mitford in her green lanes beside her hedge-rows! I positively take more pleasure from reading her descriptions of them, than from any walk in the city."

"Have the goodness, my dear young lady, to dismiss Miss Mitford, and her delicious descriptions from your mind; or your walk, and

your humble companion, will have as little interest for you, as had the prison-walls of Baron Trenck, and the society of his little mouse, when his imagination was filled with green fields, and the voice of home. Burns and the Baron have taught us that there are positions in life where much may be made of a mouse. It is a great art to observe, and make the most of those blessings that are commonly overlooked; and if, as the political economists say, he is a benefactor to mankind, who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before, he who enriches the harvest of innocent pleasures deserves our gratitude. Try your powers, my dear Grace, at this kind of *doing good*; quicken your wits, and spy some beauties that you have hitherto passed unnoticed."

"I will do my best. This delightful day ought to inspire me. It must have been such a day, and such an atmosphere as this that Thomson describes

The expansive atmosphere is cramped with cold;
 But, full of life and vivifying soul,
 Lifts the light clouds subline, and spreads them thin,
 Fleecy and white, o'er all surrounding heaven.

"Very happily quoted, Miss Grace. I give you credit for spreading the poet's sky over the

city. But allow me to remind you that it is the same sky—the same scene, at which you looked with such a disconsolate eye half an hour since. The image in the mind does not depend so much on the outward view, as on the disposition of the lights within. Forgive me, Grace.”

“I will not *moralize* and will be *heard*. Look up at Mrs. M’s—see how the plants are actually bending to the open windows, to breathe in the genial air. That Camelia is superb; it sits on its stalk in all its pride of beauty, amidst its polished green leaves, like a Queen in her court—that cala, too, and the laurustinus, are magnificent. How proudly they overshadow the sweet flowers that are placed beneath them; the hyacinths, pink, purple, and white, and the wall-flowers; and yet these fragrant flowers, like humble devotees, send up their odours as incense to idols. A flower without fragrance is after all but an unlovely beauty. As E. happily said, ‘it is like beauty without grace.’ It is even worse, ‘faith without works;’ for are they not the effluence, and sweet odour of virtue, that blesses and delights far from the unseen and unknown source?

“There is my friend Sophia’s canary. He has heard the signals of spring and struck into the general choir. He sings as merrily as if he had the freedom of the world. I suspect he has taken a lesson in moral harmonies from his sweet mistress, who never yet responded a discordant note, though sometimes struck roughly enough by the chances and changes of this life. Do you not think that birds may be gifted with imagination, and that these little canaries that are hung out at every window,—as they warm and kindle in the beam of the ‘golden day,’ and inhale the odour of the flowers that are considerately placed near them—do you not think they may fancy themselves in their own sunny and fragrant isles?”

“It may be; and if so, what delightful visions this mocking-bird must have of the wild woodlands and their various tribes. He seems to be sending forth a greeting to each and all of the feathered race, and to each in his own note. What a little polyglot it is! His spirit is in ecstasy with the joy of the season. But, poor fellow, he seems to possess a mysterious sympathy with the vegetable kingdom; when that dies he becomes mute; and is silent and

dreary, till he, with nature, is waked by spring. Sing on, sweet bird, and when summer comes, I will (as I have done) keep many a vigil, to listen to the endless variety of notes that your magical throat pours on the still air.

“What is it, Grace? Ah, you may well say, “Spring, Spring!” and point to that sweet-briar. How vigorously the leaves have put forth! and how its perfume exhales with the moisture of the last shower! In a few weeks more, it will interweave with the honeysuckle, and form a leafy drapery to hide this ugly wall. Here we are at Madame Amand’s—and here is Monsieur Jackoo, her noisy parrot, chattering his French, and Spanish; indemnifying himself for his winter’s seclusion, by talking as fast as a city gossip after a summer’s recess at a country seat, or a country gossip after a visit to town. “*Printemps! printemps!*” As I live, Jackoo is prating of spring. Let us go on Grace, or Jackoo will shame me out of my enthusiasm.”

“Here we are in gay beautiful Broadway, always thronged in a fine spring afternoon. What a contrast to three months since! when this same street was piled with masses of ice

and heaps of snow, blackened with coal dust ; when old age was cowering at the fireside, and childhood pent in nurseries ; when the fine lady, for very delicateness, dared not touch her foot to the icy pavement ; and the dandy, his hair *en papillotes*, was preparing for the evening route ; and now see the snow has disappeared, and with it cloaks, furs, velvets, feathers, Boas,* muffs, and all the livery of winter ; and in their place see the light hats, chip, silk, cottage, and woodland-lawn, (their very names are *seasonable* !) decked with flowers

“ Beyond the pow’r
Of Botanists to number up their tribes.”

“ See rainbow silks, Adelaide gingham, and painted muslins. The French do not only weave their poetry in ‘fancy’s loom,’ but they absolutely make warp and woof of it, and send it out to us in ‘spring goods.’

“ Ah, there are the beautiful cousins—the Misses ———. Those flowers seem to have grown in their hats ; they are so fresh and natural, that you expect to see them droop in this

* Our fair inland readers should know that an article of dress has been fashionable this winter, called the Boa-Constrictor, made of fur, to resemble that amiable reptile.

warm air. How well the bright cheeks and sparkling glances of these young beauties harmonize with this season of all hope! What a pretty group of children there is—fragrant buds of promise! and see even our old friend Mr. ——— is out again. The frosts of his eighty winters soften at the touch of spring—the genial air freshens the colour in his withered cheek, and there is something in the calm, elevated, grateful expression of his raised eye, that speaks of a coming spring, of which this of nature is but the type.

“ Here is my friend Miss ———, the same at all seasons. No feathers in winter, no artificial flowers now; her dress suits her character, and is emblematical of it,—purity, simplicity, delicacy, elegance, and refinement. Every thing harmonizing with her lovely face and person, and nothing to distract attention from it. It would be indeed difficult to allure the eye once rivetted to that face. Will she always remain thus unspoilt, untouched by fashion. It is a furnace—but a celestial nature may pass through it unharmed.

“ Here we are at the park. Into what graceless and unmeaning shapes this pretty plot of

earth has been cut; and yet the touch of spring has invested it with beauty—the leaf-buds of the most tardy trees are swelling; the horse chesnut has unfurled its broad leaf; and the grass looks fresh and sturdy. What a luxury are these open breathing spaces to the pent citizen; and what a pity that more such places of refreshment, for body and mind too, are not provided for the dense population of this city.”

“ ‘Cross over at St. Paul’s,’ you say, Grace. Ah! you little Episcopalian, you like to pass under the sacred droppings of the church. The English is the mother-church of our city; and there is a maternal regard to its honour, as well as to its spiritual edification in the beautiful edifices it rears, and in the care it takes of its consecrated burial-ground. This of St. Paul’s is beautifully sheltered, by old wide-spreading elms, sycamores, and the weeping-willow, that now in its spring-time drops its soft silken wreaths so tenderly over the monuments. Trinity church-yard is, I believe, much older than this; for you know aunt S—, says, that when St. Paul’s was built, there was a general exclamation against placing a church so far out of town.

“ I do not dislike a burial-place in the heart of a large city. Where there is so much life, there should be some memorial of death. There is in it's repose, and it's expressive silence, a contrast to the surrounding bustle, to the worldly pursuits, and absorbing interest of the passing throng, that speaks to the thoughtful mind. Were all these mouldering bodies once as active, as occupied with importunate trifles, as absorbed in transient feelings, and engrossed with perishing objects, as we are? What are they now? What ought we to be? What are we?

“ I believe Trinity church-yard is one of the oldest, and certainly the most populous, in the city. There is a monument here that pleases me particularly, bearing only the simple and affecting inscription, “ *To my mother.*” What a contrast to the common monumental blazonry of virtues, that would make you believe, if you believed the record, that the frail creatures below were saints and angels.

“ These are fine houses that we are passing, but what are piles of brick and mortar, compared with the humblest flower that blossoms in one of their windows? Do not smile, Grace;

I do not mean that the Queen of flowers, even, is to be preferred to a good mansion. But those who can never get the one, have the other within their reach. At any rate, we have more pleasure from looking at a stranger's flowers, than at his house ; the one is exclusively his, the other is a common blessing. Providence has given us a property in it, and it liberally parts with its treasure of sweets to us. Flowers are the cheapest, and most attainable of all luxuries, and should be universal. Do you not feel an involuntary respect for the proprietor of any kind of vegetation on which care and taste has been expended ?

“ How fresh and bright our bowling-green appears ; a fit and graceful circle for a Fairy-dance. But alas ! the *little people* have never visited our western shores ; and besides, they can no more endure a city's bounds than a spirit can walk in day-light. Here we catch the first glimpse of the sparkling bay, the parent and pride of our city. We feel new life as we enter on the battery, as our feet press the unpaved walk, as we scent the fresh vegetation, and feel the sea-breeze, the messenger of old ocean, saluting us. Does your imagina-

tion, Grace, ever recur to the period when the Indian was startled from his indolent repose, on this very ground over which we are treading, by the approach of what seemed to him the Lord of the element on which it moved, and what was in reality the little Dutch vessel of Mynheer Hudson. Since then what changes! The Indian and his forests have disappeared, and here we take refuge from the din of one of the busiest and most prosperous commercial marts in the world. And here in this comparative quietness, what variety, spirit, and activity! Ships departing for distant ports—vessels arriving from Europe—fraught with news, and new goods—tidings of revolution in empires, and changes in fashion—the falls of kings, and the lengthening of waists! Even here, Grace, on these unconscious waves, we see that spring has come. Every little harbour on our rivers, released from its winter thralldom, has sent its small craft to the city. See those sloops in their homeward course. ‘Patron of Albany;’ ‘Ida of Troy;’ ‘Minerva of Athens,’ &c. And here is the peerless President—the Providence boat, moving round to the East River; there comes the ‘Swan of Philadel-

phia,' pattering through the water—she touches the pier, and her daily duty is done; and see across there, the steam ferry-boat, just parting from the Jersey-shore freighted with citizens—their wives, nurses, and children, returning from a delicious stroll in the romantic walks of Hoboken. How gracefully that barge glides over the water, from the revenue cutter to Governour's Island, which appears, in its fresh spring dress, like an emerald dropped on the bosom of the bay. Ah, here comes the white-hall boys, a boat-race! there they go under the bridge; and we must go too, Grace. I am going round by Broad-street to inquire at Ross, the glover's, about little Lucy Wendal."

"Lucy Wendal! who is she?"

"She is a pretty little Dutch girl, who lived opposite to me in that bit of a dwelling, that looks like a crack, or a seam between the great houses on each side of it. She lived with her grand-parents, natives of this city, and once proprietors of many a lot within it; but they had been out-bargained, and outwitted, till they were reduced to this tenement, some twenty feet by fifteen. Their only surviving descendant was my little friend Lucy; a pretty, fair-

skinned, fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, of a most modest, quiet, engaging demeanour. For many months after we removed to —— street, I knew nothing of the family; but from such observations as my eye could take, neatness was the ruling passion of the household. Their only servant, Minerva—the goddess of wisdom, should have known better—used to scrub the house weekly, from garret to cellar; their only carpet was shook every Saturday, the steps were scoured daily, and I never in my life saw the old woman without a dusting cloth in her hand. Such a war of extermination did she carry on against the intruding particles, that my friend E. used to say it must be hard for her to think of ‘turning to *dust*.’ Lucy had no visitors, no companions; and the only indulgence of the old people, which was sitting on the *stoop* every pleasant afternoon according to the ancient Dutch custom, she never partook. She never went out, excepting on Sunday to church, and then she reminded me of one of those bright, pretty flowers, that hang on the crabbed bare stem of the cactus. I pitied her, her spring of life seemed passing away so drearily. My pity however was misapplied;

and I felt it to be so, when I looked in her serene and sweet countenance, and saw there the impress of that happiness, which certainly flows from duties religiously performed. It is a great matter, Grace, to have your desires bounded within your station ; to be satisfied with the quiet, unnoticed performance of the duties Providence has allotted to you ; and not to waste your efforts or strength in seeking to do good, or obtain pleasures beyond your sphere. This is true wisdom ; and this was Lucy Wendal's. At last, there came to this obscure family, what comes to all—death, and its changes. The old man and his wife died within a few days of each other, of the influenza, that then raged in the city. The hope of serving the pretty orphan induced me to go to the house. She received me gratefully, and as an old friend ; for though we had never exchanged a word, there had been an interchange of kind looks, and friendly nods ; those little humanities that bind even strangers together. On inquiry into her affairs, I found that she was left almost pennyless, but that a discreet and kind female friend had procured a place for her in Ross's glove-factory. Lucy was

skilled in all the art and craft of the needle. Ross, it seems, is a very thriving tradesman; and on the warm recommendation of Lucy's friend, he had promised to board her in his family and allow her sufficient compensation for her labour.

"In a few days, she removed to her new home. It is now fifteen months since she left our street. She came once to tell me she was perfectly satisfied with her place; and since I have heard nothing of her. Do not look so reprovingly, my lady Mentor. I have been intending for some time to call at Ross's to make inquiries about her. My story has brought us almost to the shop; 'John Ross, glove manufacturer.' This must be the place; stop one moment, Grace, and look through the window—that man no doubt is Ross himself. What a fine head; you might be sure such a man would succeed in the world, let his lot be cast as it would. He would have been a resolute general, a safe statesman—but here he is, an honest thriving glover, and that perhaps is just as well; nothing truer than the trite old couplet—

"Honour and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

“The old man looks as if he might be a little tyrannical, though. Heaven grant, poor Lucy may not have suffered from that trait in his physiognomy.

“The only customer is coming out. Now we have a clear field, let us go in.”

“Mr. Ross, I believe?”

“The same, ma’am.”

“I called, Mr. Ross, to inquire after a young woman, who came to live with you a year ago, last Christmas.”

“I have had a great many young women living with me, ma’am.”

The old man’s humour requires me to be explicit. “Her name, Mr. Ross, was Lucy Wendal.”

“Aye, Lucy Wendal did come into the factory about that time.”

There was an expression in Ross’s face, at the mention of her name, that I did not clearly comprehend. It might betide good, and it might betide evil of Lucy. “I merely wished to know, Mr. Ross, whether Lucy had given you satisfaction, and whether she still remains with you.”

“Was you a friend to Lucy Wendal, ma’am?”

“I should think it an honour to call myself so; but I could hardly claim that name. She was my neighbour, and interested me by her correct deportment, and uncommon dutifulness to her old parents.” Ross made no reply, but fumbled over some gloves that were lying on the counter; then tied up the bundle, and laid it on the shelf. “You seem, Mr. Ross, not disposed to answer my inquiries. I am afraid some misfortune has happened to the poor girl.”

“Would you like to know, ma’am, what has happened to her?” He leaned his elbow on his desk and seemed about beginning a story.

“Certainly I would.”

“Well, you know when Lucy Wendal came to me; she was a little demure thing, not a beauty, but so comely, and tidy, that she was a pretty resting-place for the eye of old or young. She was as great a contrast to the other girls in the workshop as white is to black. She just sat quiet in one corner, and minded her work, and took no part in their gabbling. You must know what a parcel of girls is, ma’am, dinging from morning till night, like forty thousand chimney-swallows. Lucy was every way different; she made her-

self neat and trig in the morning, and did not lose half an hour at noon, when the prentice-boys were coming in to dinner, twitching out curl-papers, and furbelowing her hair. The boys and girls used to have their jokes about her, and call her the little parson; but she only preached in her actions, and this is what I call practical preaching, ma'am. She was a little master-workman with her needle. I have never had a match for her since I first began business, *but*—you know, ma'am, there's always a *but*, in this life—she gave me great offence. She crossed me where I could least bear to be crossed."

"Not intentionally, I am sure, Mr. Ross."

"You shall hear, ma'am. I have an only son, John Ross—a fine, fresh-looking, good-natured, industrious lad. I had set my heart on his marrying his cousin, Amy Bunce. She is the daughter of my youngest sister, and had a pretty fortune in hand, enough to set John up in any business he fancied. There was no reason in the world why he should not like Amy. I had kept my wishes to myself; because I know that young folks' love is like an unbroken colt, that will neither mind spur, nor

bit. I never mistrusted that any thing was going wrong, till one day I heard the girls making a great wonderment about a canary-bird that they found, when they went in the morning into the workshop, in a cage hanging over Lucy's seat; and then I remembered John had asked me for five dollars the day before, and when I asked what he wanted the money for, he looked sheepish, and made me no answer. I thought it prudent before matters went any further, to tell John my wishes about his cousin Amy. My wishes, ma'am, I have always made a law to my children—to be sure, I have taken care for the most part they should be reasonable. I am a little wilful—I own it,—but it's young folks' business to mind; and 'children obey your parents,' is the law both of scripture and nature. So I told John; I did not hint any suspicion about Lucy; but I told him this marriage with his cousin was what he could have no reasonable objection to; what I had long fixed my heart on; and what he must set about without delay, on peril of my displeasure. He was silent, and looked cast down; but he saw I was determined, and I believed he would not disobey me. A few evenings after, I saw

a light in the workshop after the usual time, and I went to inquire into it. I had on my slippers and my steps made little or no sound; the upper part of the door is set with glass. I saw Lucy was finishing off a pair of gloves; my son was standing by her—it appeared they were for him, and he insisted on her trying them on his hand. Hers, poor thing, seemed to tremble—the glove would not go on; but it came off, and their hands met *without gloves*, and a nice fit they were. I burst in upon them. I asked John if this was his obedience to me? and I told Lucy to quit my service immediately. Now the whole matter is past, I must do John the justice to say he stood by her like a man. He said this was a matter in which he could not obey me—he had given his heart, and promised his hand, to Lucy, and she owned she loved him—him who was not worthy of her love; he said, too, something of my having hitherto been a kind father, and a kind man; and he would not believe the first case of my doing a wrong would be to the orphan girl, whom Providence had placed under our roof. Ma'am, you will wonder that I hardened my heart to all this; but you know that anger is

said to be a short madness; and so it is—and besides, there is nothing makes us so deaf to reason, and true feeling, as the stinging sense we are wilfully doing wrong. I was harsh, and John lost his temper; and poor Lucy cried, and was too frightened to speak; and it ended with my telling Lucy, she should not stay another day in my house, and John, that if he did not obey me, my curse should be upon him.

“The next morning they had both cleared out; and every body thought they had gone off to be married; and so I believed till night, when John came in like a distracted man, and said he had all day been seeking Lucy in vain, that the only friend she had in the city knew nothing of her; and when I answered ‘so much the better,’ he accused me of cruelty; and then followed high words, such as should never pass between father and son; and it ended in my turning him from my door. I do not wonder you turn away, ladies, but hear me out. Saturday night—three days after, John came home an altered man. He was as humble as if he only had been wrong; he begged my pardon, and promised to obey me in all things, but marrying Amy Bunce. ‘I give up

Lucy, father,' he said, 'but I cannot marry any body else.' I forgave him—from the bottom of my heart I forgave him,—and I longed to ask him to forgive me; but I had not come quite to that yet. I asked him what had brought him back to duty. He put into my hands a letter he had received from Lucy; she had persevered in not seeing him—but such a letter, ladies! If ministers could speak so to the heart, there would be no sin left in the world. She said they had deserved to suffer for carrying matters so far without my knowledge. She spoke of me as the kindest of fathers, and kindest of masters; then she spoke of the duty a child owed a parent; said she should never have any peace of mind till she heard we were reconciled; and told him it would be in vain for him to seek her, for she had solemnly resolved never to see him again. The paper was blistered with tears from top to bottom; but saving and excepting that, ma'am, there was nothing from which you could guess what it cost her to write the letter.

"I could not stand it; my heart melted within me. I found her that very night, and without loss of time brought her back to my house; and

then," he added, walking hastily to the farther extremity of the shop, and throwing open a door that led into a back parlor, "there, ma'am, is the long and the short of it!"

And there was one of the most touching scenes of human life: my pretty dutiful friend become a wife and mother! her infant in her arms, and her husband sitting beside her watching the first intimations of intelligence and love, in its bright little face!" Such should be the summer of happiness, when the *spring* is consecrated to virtue.

Answer to Riddle. Page 14.

Shuttlecock.

Answer to Conundrums. Page 52.

1. The answer is unknown to the editor.
2. Pity Pat. (Pit-a-pat.)
3. Answer unknown to the editor.
4. A noise.

Answer to Charade. Page 71.

L O V E.

Answer to Rebus. Page 71.

H-ome. E-mpire. A-pple. L-ife. T-iger. H-onour.

SUNDAY MORNING.

Translated from Hebel's German Poems.

BY MR. GRAETER.

"Well," Saturday to Sunday said,
 "The people now have gone to bed ;
 All, after toiling through the week,
 Right willingly their rest would seek ;
 Myself can hardly stand alone,
 So very weary I have grown."

His speech was echoed by the bell,
 As on his midnight couch he fell ;
 And Sunday now the watch must keep—
 So, rising from his pleasant sleep,
 He glides, half-dozing, through the sky,
 To tell the world that morn is nigh.

He rubs his eyes—and, none too late,
 Knocks aloud at the sun's bright gate ;
 She* slumbered in her silent hall,
 Unprepared for his early call—
 Sunday exclaims, "Thy hour is nigh!"
 "Well, well," says she, "I'll come by and by."

Gently on tiptoe, Sunday creeps—
 Cheerfully from the stars he peeps,—
 Mortals are all asleep below—
 None in the village hears him go ;
 E'en chanticleer keeps very still—
 For Sunday whispered 'twas his will.

* In the German language, the sun is feminine, and the moon masculine.

Now the world is awake and bright,
After refreshing sleep all night ;
'The Sabbath morn in sunlight comes,
Smiling gladly on all our homes.
He has a mild and happy air—
Bright flowers are wreathed among his hair.

He comes, with soft and noiseless tread,
'To rouse the sleeper from his bed ;
And tenderly he pauses near,
With looks all full of love and cheer,
Well pleased to watch the deep repose,
'That lingered till the morning rose.

How gaily shines the early dew,
Loading the grass with its silver hue !
And freshly comes the fragrant breeze,
Dancing among the cherry-trees—
'The bees are humming all so gay ;
'They know not it is Sabbath day.

'The cherry-blossoms now appear—
Fair heralds of a fruitful year ;
There stands upright the Tulip proud—
Bethlehem Stars* around her crowd—
And Hyacinths of every hue—
All sparkling in the morning dew.

How still and lovely all things seem !
Peaceful and pure as an angel's dream ;
No rattling carts are in the streets—
Kindly each one his neighbour greets—

* The name of a very pretty wild flower.

"It promises right fair to day—"

"Yes, praised be God!"—'tis all they say.

The birds are singing, "Come, behold
Our Sabbath morn all bathed in gold!
Pouring his calm, celestial light,
Among the flowers so sweet and bright!"
The pretty gold-finch leads the row,
As if her Sunday-robe to show.

Mary, pluck those Auriculas, pray,
And don't shake the yellow dust away;
Here, little Ann, are some for you—
I'm sure you want a nosegay too.
The first bell rings—away! away!
We all will go to church to-day.



FANNY AND FIDO.

FANNY's papa, Mr. Herbert, had a dog Fido, of whom she was very fond. He was a little fellow of the breed called terrier, full of life and frolic, and very affectionate in his disposition. All dogs, I believe, are affectionate ; but Fido's affection was like that of some lively little girl I have seen, in whose manners there is perpetual endearment and glee ; who are always capering, and caressing, rejoicing in the kindly atmosphere of love, as myriads of little winged insects seem to rejoice in the sunshine.

Fido was, in the main, a very good dog ; but alas ! what dog, or child, has not some faults. Nothing could be more rude than Fido's behaviour on the highway, whenever he accompanied his master on a ride. He barked at every animal he met ; chased all the geese, pigs, and hens ; gave battle to the cows ; and sometimes pursued a flock of sheep, the most harmless and timid of all animals, across several fields. All this was meant, I suppose, for harmless frolic, like that of a roguish child who likes to tease "*just for the fun of it ;*" but it

was very annoying and disagreeable. There was danger, too, that the habit of chasing sheep would finally lead him to attack them. For sheep-killing is one of the besetting sins of dogs, and is in all countries visited upon them, I believe, as a capital crime.

Mr. Herbert was aware of this danger; and had often called Fido off in order to break him of his foolish tricks. But either he did not understand that his master intended to forbid them forever, as well as for each particular time, or the temptation to disobey was too great to be resisted; or perhaps, which is quite as probable, he thought nothing about the matter.

Once when Fanny was riding with her father and mother, on their way to a neighbouring village, where they were to spend the next day, they were all for some time too busy in talking, to observe Fido, who, as usual, accompanied them. At length, however, they perceived him in an adjoining field, eagerly pursuing a flock of sheep, in full retreat. His master called in vain, several times. Fido turned a deaf ear, and kept on his course.

Mr. Herbert then stopped, alighted from the wagon, and with whip in hand, pursued the

terrier. Fido's attention was at length arrested, and he came bounding back; but the moment he perceived his master, his speed abated. He advanced slowly, with his tail between his legs, looking you may be sure, very much like a culprit.

It was a good while before he obeyed his master's summons to come to him; the sight of the whip, and his own guilty conscience, deterred him. He ran on some distance beyond him, and then turned back again, so as almost to place himself within reach. This was repeated several times, as if he could not bear to remain in disgrace, and yet had not courage to abide the punishment, which he knew must be inflicted upon him, before he could be forgiven. At length, however, he came fairly up, looking much agitated, when his master, who had all this time stood still, watching his motions, caught him and gave him a severe whipping. One of his ears was so cut by the lash as to bleed a little.

This was more than Fanny could bear; she had cried bitterly before—but when she perceived the blood, she fairly sobbed aloud.

Her father endeavoured to quiet her, by say-

ing that this whipping had probably saved Fido from being shot. "If Fido could talk," he said, "I should have explained to him the danger of this foolish habit, told him how much it displeased me, and begged him to cure it himself, so that I need not be compelled to punish him. He loves me so much, that I think he would have done as I wished, when he found what my wishes were. But as it is, whipping is the only resource that he can understand. He knows it means, 'Fido, if you ever chase sheep again, I shall be greatly displeased with you.' I am pretty sure he will never repeat the offence."

After the ride was accomplished, Fido's master forgot him, until just at night, the next day. Upon inquiry, it was found that he had not been seen by any of the family where they were staying, and of course had received no food. Mr. Herbert went in search of him immediately, and found him lying in the wagon, where he had probably been ever since it was put up, the evening before. Perhaps he supposed that going without food was meant as a part of his punishment, to which he determined to submit with great patience—showing meanwhile how sin-

cerely he repented, and how earnestly he desired to be received into favour again.

When Mr. Herbert had discovered him, he lost no time in providing him a plentiful meal, which he carried out with his own hand. He caressed the little animal too, as usual, and even more tenderly—so that poor Fido was happy again.

Fanny was called out to see how glad he was, as some recompense for the distress she had endured in seeing him chastised the day before.

After this, Fido was never known to chase a flock of sheep. If he sometimes forgot himself so far as to stop and gaze after them rather wistfully, a word from his master was sufficient to recal him to his senses, and to duty.

We have spoken of Fido's faults ; and, alas ! Fanny's too must have a place in our little history. Though amiable and affectionate, she was not nearly as obedient as we could have wished.

Unusual activity both of mind and of limb, led her to be what is called a meddling child ; and " Fanny, don't do thus ; Fanny, let that alone," &c. &c. were repeated so often by her

indulgent parents, who bore with her misdeemeanors very patiently, that the voice of authority, uttered in a tone of moderation, soon ceased to produce any effect upon her.

Thus she became habitually very remiss in attending to their wishes and commands.

At length, her mother began to think it was quite time to produce a reformation in this respect. It was winter, and there was a good many plants kept in the parlour. She had once seen her mother wash them; and though Fanny had been often told never to meddle with them at all, she one day took it into her head to see if she could not do the same. She used, on the occasion, a little sponge, attached to a slate, on which she was learning to write.

Her mother, seated by the fire, and busy at her work, did not mind her at first; but on turning round, perceived what she was about, and called to her to come away immediately. By this time she had got one plant, as she thought, nearly washed, and could not bear to give up finishing it; so holding her slate in one hand and her sponge in the other, she proceeded on her work. Her mother seeing this, rose from her seat to go to her, and remove her by

force ; and Fanny, much startled, was hurrying away from the plant, when she let her slate drop upon it, and broke off its main stalk.

Her mother led her to a seat, and then slapped both her hands smartly.

This made Fanny, at first, quite angry. "Don't be angry," said her mother, "for that will be still more wrong. A little girl, who does wrong, should not be angry because she is punished for it.

"I have talked to my little daughter a great deal about being obedient ; but that does no good. I have told her how much better it is to do right, than to do wrong ; how much happier it made her, and her friends ; and above all how pleasing it made her in the sight of God. But all will not do—and so I am obliged to punish her, as we punish the dog. I am obliged to *strike* my little daughter, as I would poor Fido, that has neither speech nor reason."

This made Fanny feel very sad. Her crying had no longer the sound of anger, but of shame and sorrow.

"Now do you think, Fanny, you have any reason to be angry."

"No, mamma."

“Don’t you think if Fido had been in the habit of jumping upon my flowers, and he could have been made to understand that it displeased me, and injured the plants, he would have left off the offensive habit?”

“Yes, mamma.”

“And is it not a sad thing that Fido, a brute, should be more easily brought to obedience than my own little daughter?”

“O mamma, I will never meddle with your flowers again.”

“You think so, no doubt. But, my dear child, it will give you a great deal of trouble to cure yourself of this bad habit of disobedience. I hope you will be willing to take the trouble; but you must try very hard.”

And did Fanny become an obedient child? you will ask.—She certainly did improve very much; but there is nothing more difficult than to cure a bad habit, which in fact becomes a sort of disease. How careful then should little children be to avoid forming what costs so much trouble to correct.

MATER.

WASHINGTON.

My little readers all know, that on the 22d day of February last, it was just one hundred years since General Washington was born. The troops were ordered out, addresses delivered, and great dinners provided, in honour of the occasion. Forty children from the Boston Asylum for Indigent Boys, filled the windows of the Marine Insurance Office, which they were kindly permitted to occupy in order to have a good view of the procession. Afterward they went to see a marble statue of Washington in the State-House, wrought by Mr. Chantrey, a famous English sculptor; and then they were conducted to Faneuil Hall, to see Mr. Stuart's very celebrated picture of General Washington standing by the side of his favourite white horse. Finally, they were all allowed to have a sight of the fine elephant lately exhibited in this city. No doubt it was a very happy day for the Indigent Boys; and if they were observing children, they must have derived much instruction from what they saw.

The history of the world does not afford the example of any mere man so entirely worthy of imitation as General Washington. Do you wish to know how he became so perfect? If you read the following address, prepared by D. L. Child, Esq. on the occasion of the Centennial Anniversary, you will learn the secret of true greatness :

“ It is a maxim in law, that no person becomes very bad all at once ; it is equally true that no one becomes very good all at once. *A habit of sacrificing self for the good of others*, is the foundation of all that is truly grand and estimable in human character ; and unless this habit be formed in early life, there is great danger that it will never be formed. General Washington, in all situations, in privacy and in power, in the camp, in the cabinet, and at the fire-side, always manifested *a tender regard for the rights and feelings of others*. In his intercourse with his fellow-creatures, as well as in the exertions he made for them, he was always distinguished by a disinterested and self-sacrificing disposition. When very young, he had a most earnest desire to go to sea, and had succeeded in obtaining a midshipman’s

warrant from the royal government; but, at the entreaties of his mother, he relinquished his wishes and his prospects, and brought home his trunk, which was already on board.

“In after life, amid the hurry, distress, and dangers of the Jersey campaign, and on the eve of an expected battle, he found time to add a postscript to one of his letters, begging that the comfort of the old lady, his housekeeper, might be carefully attended to.

“What a touching and beautiful lesson is conveyed in his ready obedience to the wishes of his mother! And how happily do his subsequent greatness and renown verify the plain old maxim, that ‘To be a good boy is the way to grow a great man.’ Washington did not study the interests and feelings of others because he thought it would make him successful—his kindness and disinterestedness were dictated by his *heart*; they did not proceed from the cold calculations of his *head*. Everything that is real must come directly from the heart: no imitation of goodness, for selfish purposes, ever made a man truly great and useful.”

At the close of the Revolutionary war, when La Fayette was about to sail for France, he went to take leave of the mother of Washing-

ton. He found the worthy matron weeding her garden. Like a woman of good sense and correct taste, she neither changed her dress, nor blushed, nor made apologies. She received the illustrious friend and companion of her son, with as much dignified simplicity as Cincinnatus received the Roman senators at his plough. La Fayette, whose history so much resembles that of the virtuous Washington, congratulated her upon the character and glory of her son; she answered, in the simple but eloquent language of the heart, "I am not surprised at what George has done, for he was always a good boy." This reply is worthy of being printed in letters of gold in every school-house and lyceum.

If Washington's filial love gives him a strong claim upon our respect and affection, when we view it in its domestic light, it equally excites our admiration and gratitude, when we consider it in its bearings upon the history of our freedom. The same conduct which endeared the dutiful son to the heart of his affectionate mother, likewise kept him for his country. Had he persisted in his design of entering the English navy, he might have perished on the

seas; and even if he had lived, we should perhaps have lost the services of one, who, under Divine Providence, was the means of saving this whole land!

Since we owe so much to the counsels of that judicious and excellent woman, allow me to propose the following toast:

“THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON! The *Grand* Mother of our country!”

RUG-WORK.

ALL those who have worked mats for lamps, &c. know that the most tiresome part of the process is to fill up the ground-work. This labour may be obviated by the following method: baste the canvass upon some firm and handsome-coloured broad-cloth; work your pattern as usual, taking care to pass the needle through both canvass and cloth. When the centre is done, draw out the canvass, thread by thread; the pattern will be left beautifully raised upon the cloth, and the trouble of forming the ground-work will be saved. Rug-work shoes are very pretty and convenient to be worn in the chamber of sickness. They would form a very acceptable present, from a little girl to her invalid mother, or grand-parents. The shape can be cut from an old shoe, and the shoemaker will furnish soles.

RALPH AND MARGARET.

BY F. OF STOCKBRIDGE.

RALPH and Margaret Elliot were good children, and happy because they were good. When we say they were good, we do not mean they were faultless,—who indeed is so? but they were gentle and teachable, willing to be told of their errors, and desirous to amend them. Their mother, a humble, pious woman, began while they were very young, to teach them correct religious principles of action. But she was unlearned in the knowledge of this world—the source from which she drew all her instructions was the bible.

I once heard a boy complain to his mother that a play-mate had been striking him. “Well, can’t you strike again?” answered the mother. “Boys will always be quarreling,” said she, after he had gone; “and I don’t know any other way to get along with them.” But Mrs. Elliot *did* know another way. When Ralph was a very little boy, he came to her with a similar complaint, and he added, with a proud air, stretching himself up to his full height, “I struck him

back again." "I am very sorry to hear this," said his mother, with a sorrowful look. "Do you recollect, Ralph, you scripture lesson for yesterday? if you do, repeat it." The little boy raised his eyes to her, and said, "But I say unto you that you resist not evil; but whoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek turn to him the other also."

"Whose command is this, Ralph?"

"Our blessed Saviour's."

"Have you obeyed him, my son?" The lesson was not lost upon the child; whenever he was tempted afterwards to engage in quarrels with his play-fellows, he remembered his mother's grief, and the pain he had felt from the consciousness of having done wrong; and he was enabled to resist the evil inclination. Margaret, too, was a gentle, patient child; sometimes indeed careless and forgetful—but rarely stubborn or fretful.

Mrs. Elliot had the misfortune to live near a man who was a perfect exemplification of Miss Edgeworth's attorney, Case (in the story of Simple Susan); and he had a son that might well have matched with Miss Barbara. Like that much dreaded lawyer, they loved money and land, bet-

ter than they loved honesty or justice; and the unrepining patience with which Mrs. Elliot submitted to their continual oppression, had a most powerful influence in forming the characters of her children to meekness and forbearance.

As we do not intend to write the life of either Mr. Grant, or his son Daniel, we shall relate but two or three incidents, which, for a little while, gave Ralph and Margaret a great deal of pain. It happened that Margaret had a poor little helpless lamb given her early in the spring; she nursed it with tender care, and it soon learned to follow her about, like a faithful and affectionate dog. Ralph and Margaret grew very fond of Lily, as they called her, on account of the snowy whiteness of her fleece; and they coaxed, and petted, and fed her, till she was as nearly spoiled as a lamb could be. Sometimes, Margaret gathered the choicest flowers from her little garden, and collecting every bit of ribbon she could obtain from her mother's stores, or her own, she decked her little favourite in all the colours of the rainbow; and then you might see her running at her utmost speed, and Lily 'with streamers long and gay,' following as fast as her four nimble feet could carry

her. One afternoon, as Margaret burst from the school-house with a group of joyful children, promising herself a long and delightful race upon the green with Lily, the first object she saw was Daniel Grant driving her before him.

“O! what are you going to do with my lamb?” she exclaimed, springing towards her.

“Let her alone,” said Daniel, with an air of authority. “I found her in our lot, and father told me to drive her home and shut her up till you pay the damage.”

“How much may the damage be, Daniel?” inquired a fine looking lad of thirteen or fourteen, who was distinguished in the village for his love of fun, and hatred of meanness and injustice. “Has your father got out his men to prize it?”

“Not yet,” answered Daniel with much simplicity; “but I suppose he will before long.”

“How much do *you* suppose the damage to be, Daniel? have you counted the blades of grass the poor thing has eaten? if you have *you* can come at the exact sum very nearly, without the trouble of getting out the men.”

Daniel saw an arch smile upon the lips of the speaker; he heard the half-suppressed laugh of

the children; and he began to suspect they were laughing at *him*. Angry that he should be the object of ridicule, he struck the lamb a violent blow, and exclaimed, with his eyes flashing fire, "Miss Margaret shall have the good-for-nothing thing, when she pays me half a dollar, and not before." "For shame!" exclaimed several young voices. Still more irritated by this exclamation, he marched off with the lamb; calling to Margaret as he went, "remember you must pay me half a dollar to day, or I shall drive your lamb to pound to-morrow." At the word pound, Margaret gave one scream of distress, and ran towards home as fast as possible. "O mother! Ralph!" she screamed as soon as she saw them, for they were both drawn to the door by the unwonted sight of Margaret in tears—"Daniel Grant has got my lamb; and he says he shall drive it to pound, if I don't pay him half a dollar; mother, will they kill it, will they pound it to death." In spite of Margaret's distress, her mistake was so funny, that Mrs. Elliot smiled, and Ralph laughed outright. But Ralph loved his sister too well to allow her to suffer one moment's pain, if he could prevent it; and he explained to her as fast, and as well

as he could, the word that had caused her grief.

“Why, Margaret, a pound is only a pen with a high fence round it, where they shut up cattle sometimes when they have been in mischief.”

“What do they shut them up for, Ralph?” asked Margaret “to punish them, do you suppose?”

Ralph was obliged to own he could not tell. For,” said he, “the poor beasts do not know they have done wrong, and I don’t think it is right to punish them. I will tell you, Margaret,” added he, after some consideration, “I guess it is to punish the men that own them.”

“Shutting up the cattle will not punish the men that own them; it will only punish the cattle, Ralph.”

“I think my little daughter, that Daniel punished you quite severely only in threatening to shut up your lamb,” said Mrs. Elliot.

“Oh! I am only a little girl, mother, and Lily is all the creature I have in the world; but the great men, who have so many sheep, and cows, and oxen, wouldn’t care about it. But I don’t mean my pretty lamb shall go to pound; she shall not be shut up in the ugly pen; I have got half a dollar mother, that I have been a long

time saving to buy a right in the juvenile library; but I must give it up. If you please, mother, I will run and give it to Daniel, and get my lamb."

"No," said Ralph, sturdily, "you shall not give Daniel Grant all the money you have; the money, too, which you have saved so carefully. But you shall have your lamb for all that; he has no business with it; and I will go and make him give it up, this minute."

"I am afraid that is not in your power, my son," said Mrs. Elliot. "In this case they have the law on their side, I believe; and they always take every advantage that allows them; and even if it were not so, we would not contend with them—for if the will of God be so, it is better to *suffer* wrong, than to *do* wrong. Take your sister's money, and go settle with them as well as you can."

When Ralph returned with Lily, his cheeks were flushed, and tears stood in his eyes. "I had to give him every cent of your money, Margaret. Mr. Grant himself was there, and every word he condescended to say was, 'Take your choice, young man: pay me fifty cents now, or redeem her after she goes to pound.' Only think

of it, mother, fifty cents for pasturing a lamb less than half a day."

"You do not envy him the possession of money so obtained, I hope, Ralph."

"No *indeed*, mother," said Ralph, with emphasis; "I pitied him very much, when I gave it him, and I felt the truth of what you said to me—it is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong."

Margaret, all this time, had been occupied with Lily, and she was so happy to see her at liberty, that she never once thought of the money she had cost her. "Come, dear pretty Lily," she said, (for Margaret was very fond of talking, and she liked to talk to her lamb just as well as to those who could understand her,) "come, dear pretty Lily, and drink your milk, and then you may crop the grass in the yard, while Ralph and I run and stop the naughty hole where you crept through, so you cannot stray away again."

Ralph and Margaret mended the fence nicely, and they hoped their troubles were over; but they were quite mistaken—for a chicken or duckling could give Mr. Grant and his son almost as much uneasiness, as a pig or a lamb

The children had a brood of ducks come off the nest a few days after this affair, and they were committed to Margaret, as the one who had the most time to take care of them. She did her best to keep them from Mr. Grant's grounds, and succeeded for several weeks; but one unlucky day her mother sent her some distance on an errand; when she returned, she saw her ducks in Mr. Grant's field, and Daniel in full chase after them; at last he got them all together in one corner, and then commenced the work of destruction. Fast as he caught them he threw them with all his force high in the air; as they descended, they usually gave one faint quake, and then were silent forever. Margaret flew to the spot; three, she thought, showed signs of life, and she wrapped them in her apron and hurried home; but they were dead before she arrived; and she could only weep over them. In the midst of her tears, a neighbour, who had witnessed the whole transaction, came in. "I don't wonder you cry at such a sight as this," said she, looking at the lifeless ducks. "That boy has no feeling, no conscience—he's just like his father."

"Margaret, go to the garden and help your

brother," said Mrs. Elliot. Margaret obeyed. My dear Mrs. Murphy, you will not be offended, I hope, but Margaret is too angry now; I do not wish her to hear anything that shall irritate her more against our neighbours."

"So you stick to your rule, 'bear and forbear;' but I have got a better one, to let folks know I won't be trampled on by *nobody*. Mr. Grant or his son wouldn't use me so, and they wouldn't use you so, if you had a little spirit."

"I think so myself, sometimes," answered Mrs. Elliot smiling; "but Mr. Grant is not a man to yield any thing without a hard struggle; now if I do as you advise, it would be the signal for long and bitter contention; all my children's worst passions would be roused; for they, of course, must support their mother; my peace would be destroyed for the time, and their principles and temper probably injured for life. Now, when Mr. Grant makes a demand upon me, unless 'tis too unreasonable, I usually submit to it without a word, and think peace of mind, and a quiet conscience, cheaply purchased by the sacrifice."

"Well, neighbour, you must take your way and I'll take mine," said Mrs. Murphy, as she made her exit.

Not long after this event, the excellent Mrs. Elliot died. The children's cheeks grew thin and pale from constant and anxious watchings during her long illness ; and their young hearts were almost broken because they had lost her. They had no relatives in the town where they resided ; but they had an aunt, the sister of their mother, who lived a great many miles from them. Ralph had written to her, and they hoped she and her husband would come and advise them what they had better do.

It was the next week after their mother's death, Margaret was standing by the window, looking out upon the little green, and thinking how happy she had often been playing there with Ralph, while their mother looked kindly on ; and that now she must part from Ralph, and go she knew not where,—when a beautiful carriage drove up to the gate, and a gentleman and lady and little girl got out of it.

“Ralph, do come here this minute,” said Margaret, running to the door, to call him, “here is uncle and aunt Murray, and cousin Eliza.”

“I am glad of it,” said Ralph, laying down

his book, and rising very deliberately from his seat.

“Oh! make haste Ralph, or you will not have time to see the carriage and horses, before they come in.”

When Ralph reached the window, however, the gentleman and lady were giving some direction to their servant, and he had time enough to look at the carriage, and reply to many of Margaret's observations, before they reached the house.

“I am afraid it isn't uncle and aunt Murray, after all; do you think it is, Ralph?” said Margaret.

Ralph said he thought it was; but he could not certainly tell, because it was a great many, many years since he had seen them.

“It is not so many, many years since you have seen them, Ralph, for you are not very many years old: but you were only four years old, so I suppose you can not remember.” By this time they had reached the door, and Ralph opened it for them.

“This I am sure is my sister's son,” said the lady, affectionately kissing him; “but where is your sister, my dear boy?”

Margaret had timidly shrunk back, but Ralph took her hand and led her to her aunt. "Oh! I shall love her very much," thought she, as her aunt kissed her cheek; "for she looks and speaks almost like my own mother."

"Surely, you do not stay here alone, my dear children," said Mrs. Murray.

"No, ma'am," answered Margaret, "Miss Pierson is so good as to stay with us, till we leave our—" home, she would have said, but the word choked her; she could not utter it.

Her aunt put her arm about her, and her uncle gently placed his hand upon her head, and assured her that his house should always be her home, if she chose to live with them. Margaret was very happy when he told her this, for she thought she should love her aunt just as she had loved her own mother; but when she went to bed, and thought that she must leave the house, which had always sheltered her—that she could no more work in the garden with Ralph, or weed, and water her pretty borders of flowers, and watch them unfold their beautiful colours—that she should never again kneel down in her little room, and ask her Father in Heaven, for Jesus' sake, to forgive, and bless,

and take care of her—or sit with Ralph upon her mother's grave, and talk about her gentleness and goodness, and how happy, and bright, and beautiful she was in heaven—never more hear her soft voice, or receive her approving kiss—her heart felt very heavy, and she almost wished she might always stay with her brother in their own pleasant cottage.

Early the next morning the carriage drove to the gate, and Mr. and Mrs. Murray with their daughter, and Margaret, prepared to step into it; Ralph stood beside his sister trying to comfort her, for he was not going with her; he was going to live as an apprentice, with a cabinet-maker, in the village.

“Good bye, dear Margaret,” he said, “I shall write to you once a month, and you must answer all my letters; and when I am twenty-one, uncle has promised to buy me a shop near his own house, and then I shall come and live with you always.” Margaret answered only by her sobs; Ralph kissed her many times; she got into the carriage; it drove off—and for a few minutes he felt that he was all alone. “No, I am not alone,” said he, at length, “and I ought not to feel so unhappy. My Father in

Heaven is always near me. He will always take care of me, and of Margaret too." He *felt* this precious truth, as it passed through his mind, and it instantly gave him comfort; he went into the house, took up his bundle of clothes, and marched off, with a light step and cheerful countenance, to his new home.

Ralph's master and mistress were good people, and they treated him as kindly as they could; but they had a large family, and he often sighed for the quiet of his mother's house; besides, he was the youngest apprentice, and who has not heard of the countless duties and miseries of the youngest apprentice; he must chop the wood, and carry it in; make the fires, draw the water, do all the errands, take care of the children; and in short, be ready at every body's call, and do every body's bidding.

Ralph found all this hard to bear; and more than once he was upon the point of giving up his trade and going to his uncle's; but the remembrance of his mother's wishes, and counsels, kept him from committing this folly. "Do not, my dear boy, consent to live in dependence upon any one, while you are able to support yourself," she said to him earnestly, but a few

days before she died ; “ not even upon your uncle ; he is kind and liberal, and I am sure will be willing to do all, and more than all, that it is proper for him to do for you. But remember there is a sacred obligation resting upon you, to make yourself a useful and respectable member of society ; in idleness and dependence you cannot be either. Besides, the sense of dependence, is always a weight upon the heart ; the consciousness of owing all we have to the blessing of God upon our own exertions, is the best promoter of thankfulness to Him, and satisfaction with ourselves. Margaret must go to your aunt, if she will consent to take her ; and I trust in a few years, if she cannot make herself useful there, that she will be qualified to provide for herself in some other way. I pity from my heart, the woman who would blush to be found pursuing any honest employment, if her circumstances rendered it necessary.”

Ralph remembered these and many similar sentiments he had heard from his mother ; he lived with the master, and was learning the trade they had both chosen, after much deliberation ; and he knew he ought not to be discouraged, because a few trials and difficulties

were in his way. "And I will not do it," said he, after he had been considering about it some time, "I will not disregard the last wishes of my mother, and I will not grieve Margaret by doing wrong. What if the older apprentices laugh, when they see me drawing the children to school through the snow—and what if they call me errand-boy; it does not hurt me, and I will try not to mind it in future." And he kept his resolution; when they laughed, he good-humouredly laughed with them, till they were tired of trying to vex him.

In the mean time, Margaret was not without her troubles; though I dare say all the little girls, who visited her, thought her quite happy.

Mrs. Murray was a fashionable woman; and it was her chief concern to see that her daughter and niece sat, moved, spoke, and dressed genteelly. To accomplish these, in her opinion, important objects—resort was had to all those inventions which have so often tortured the youthful figure into—I had almost said ungracefulness, and deformity. Margaret's light form had hitherto been left free as the air she breathed; for Mrs. Elliot wisely confined her attention to the moral and mental culture of her

child ; satisfied that graceful and pleasing manners *must* spring from a cultivated mind and affectionate heart. With many a sigh, therefore, and with many a doubt of their utility, and importance, Margaret, day after day, permitted herself to be encircled by the much dreaded corsets, and stood a monument of patience while the maid laced, and her aunt sat by to see that the waist compressed into proper form and size.

Margaret was naturally very fair ; but a slight brown tinge had spread itself over her sweet face, just sufficient to shew the sun had looked upon her. This delicate shade of brown was a great grief to Mrs. Murray ; and daily and hourly Margaret was cautioned against going into the open air. At her own happy home, she had been permitted to range the fields and pluck the flowers, or gather nuts and berries, till she had learned to fly over the ground almost as nimbly as her own pet lamb ; this restraint therefore was peculiarly hard to bear ; and often as she looked from the window over the dark green fields bright with sunshine and flowers, her very heart was sick for one good race with Ralph and Lily. But there was another prohibition which grieved Margaret more deeply than

this. She had frequently accompanied her mother in her visits to the poor and sick, and often been permitted to go alone to administer the mite her mother's limited means enabled her to bestow ; but Mrs. Murray had a dread of vulgar language and manners, and would not suffer her to continue the salutary custom.

There was a poor, but delicate young girl, wasting slowly away with consumption, the very next door to her aunt's ; and Margaret implored that she might be permitted to go every day to read to her. "What harm can it possibly do me, aunt?" said she, earnestly ; "Ellen is not vulgar ; she is very gentle, and sweet tempered, and so patient ! O ! she is just like my dear mother, when she was sick." Mrs. Murray was touched by this simple appeal to her feelings, and she gave the desired permission.

Had Margaret been confined entirely within her aunt's influence, we fear she would have forgotten all her mother had taught her, and soon learned to think that to appear well in the world, was the first duty, and demanded the first attention of rational beings. But by Ellen's bed-side she learned another lesson ; her mother's precepts and example, were there

brought freshly to her mind,—the same principle actuated them; the same faith supported them; they both prized things according to their *true* value, and not according to that which the world put upon them.

Margaret was present one day whilst her aunt and cousin were preparing to go out; she witnessed their anxious solicitude about every part of their dress, the impatience they betrayed when it did not exactly suit them, and the real unhappiness occasioned by this over-attention to “trifles light as air.” When they were gone, she went to pay her usual visit to Ellen. The sick girl was sitting in her easy chair, her head resting upon a pillow, and her hand lying upon an open Bible which was upon a little table beside. She smiled when Margaret came in, and said, “How kind you are, never to forget me; if it were not for you, I fear I should seldom hear the truths and promises in this precious book. I have been trying to read, till my head throbs with pain.”

“You should not try to read, when it hurts you so much,” said Margaret, taking up the Bible.

‘Oh, Margaret! it does my *heart* good, though it makes my *head* ache,’ replied Ellen.

Margaret’s eye rested upon the open page, and the first words she saw were, “Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.” Just then, Ellen’s mother came in with a clean, though coarse cap, in her hand; it was much worn, but neatly mended. “It is the best you have clean, my dear child,” said she; “but I shall wash some as soon as I can.”

“This is good enough for me, dear mother,” said Ellen; “so long as ’tis clean and whole, the rest is of no consequence.” Margaret was pondering deeply upon the passage she had just read, and this little circumstance helped to strengthen the impression.

Oh! how much happier, thought she, is Ellen, with such a meek, contented spirit, than cousin Eliza with all her fine clothes, though every one tries to please her. “I hope, Ellen,” said she, aloud, “I shall never think dress of

much consequence ; and I hope I shall never be proud, and feel myself better than the very poorest of my fellow-creatures, because I happen to have finer clothes than they."

Ellen had young brothers and sisters, and Margaret received from the good-natured little creatures many a lesson of forbearance and self-denial. One day, when she was reading to Ellen, little George, who was hardly four years old, came running in, his round fat face laughing all over. "Look here, mother, look here! a gentleman has just *gived* me this to buy sugar-plums; but you may have it to buy an orange for Ellen." The mother kissed the little boy with delight, and her praises certainly gave him more pleasure than the possession of all the sugar-plums in Boston. A few days after, as Margaret stepped into the open door of the kitchen, she heard the mother say to one of her children, "You know, Mary, I promised you a slate and arithmetic as soon as I had money enough to get them. I have just received the necessary sum, and you shall have them, if you choose, after"—

"Oh, you are very good, mother. I shall like to have them very much ; if you please, I will run and get them now."

“Not so fast, my dear,” said her mother. “I was going to say, that you shall have them, if you choose, after you know Ellen needs many little indulgences, which it is not in my power to procure for her.”

The struggle was a hard one ; for arithmetic was Mary’s darling passion. She had, by dint of diligent study and by occasionally borrowing a slate and arithmetic for a few hours, actually worked her way through the simple rules ; and she hoped, with a book of her own, to surprise her mother with her progress. But she soon subdued her selfish wishes, and chose the kind and right way. “Mother,” said she, “lay out the money for Ellen ; but do not tell her about it, because she will be so sorry I have not got the arithmetic.”

“I shall deprive Ellen of a great pleasure if I don’t tell her,” said the mother ; “she is pleased to see you love your books ; but she likes still better to know you have an affectionate heart, and are willing to give up your own wishes for the good of another.”

In her daily intercourse with Ellen, Margaret frequently witnessed similar instances of simple and disinterested affection ; Ellen’s gentle-

ness and sweetness, too, shed their soft influence over her heart; and in spite of different opinions which she frequently heard, and the opposite influence to which she was constantly exposed, at her aunt's, she continued through life to believe, that affection and good temper are worth more than money, and cannot be purchased by it; and she never could be made to think, that a meek and quiet spirit is not a more becoming ornament than a necklace of pearls, or a coronet of diamonds.

Ralph continues to go on as he began, in the good old way of honesty and industry; and we think he cannot fail to make, what every one should strive to make, a useful member of society.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. What word contains all the five vowels in their proper order?
2. What snuff is that, the more you take the fuller the box is?
3. Why is a vain woman like a music-book?
4. When is a carpenter not a carpenter?

THE INFANT HERO.

" 'Tis school time, mother ; do you know
 The first bell rung an hour ago ?"
 A little boy said this—his name
 I'll whisper in your ear quite plain,
 If for a moment you'll come here—
 But then you'll tell of it, I fear,
 And that, you know, would never do,
 As what I say is strictly true.

He held his sister by the hand—
 His twin-sister—and there they stand,
 With baskets and a little book,
 On which they both delight to look.
 Their mother answered, " You must wait,
 Although I know 'tis rather late ;
 I dare not trust you now alone,
 Nor till you've somewhat older grown."
 " Why, mother, I am almost four,
 And in six months I shall be more,
 I'm sure I am a great boy now—
 We'll go alone, I'll *tell* you how.
 If we may start, we will not play
 Nor stop one moment on the way ;
 I'll take good care of Helen dear,
 So that for her you need not fear ;
 I'll keep the stages off—*just so*—
 Say, my dear mother, shall we go ?"

I saw them start. I watched the boy,
 His face all bright with smiles of joy.

He walked erect, his eager eye
Glanced round, the danger to espy ;
And ever and anon, he told
His sister he was now *so old*,
She never need to be afraid,
By day or night, in sun, or shade.

My moral's short—'tis this : that boys,
Who we all know delight in noise,
Should love their sisters more than play,
And kindly treat them every day.

Stockbridge ; Jan. 1832.

CORA.

CHARADE.

My first announces war, and assists in its operations ; my second is composed of various materials, lead, iron, stone, thread, or a multitude of men, women, and children ; my whole is sent abroad by man for the destruction of his fellow-creatures.



“JUDGE NOT, THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED.”

MATTHEW VII. I.

BY MISS DIX.

How often, my dear children, you have read these words; how often you have repeated them, and heard them repeated. Yet I suspect the frequent repetition of the precept has not taught you to put it in practice.

Join me, a few minutes, and attend to the thoughts which follow a serious reading of the verse above quoted.

“Judge not, that ye be not judged.” Not to judge at all of the language and conduct of our associates, and of society in general, would be impossible; and it is not in this light we are to regard the words of our Lord. We should judge others; we should carefully, constantly, and habitually, study the character of those who are distinguished for virtue and piety; we should note (with a resolution of imitating,) every trait of excellence. While we contemplate with pleasure and profit, those who “tread in the paths of righteousness,” it is equally our duty to notice and avoid the society of those, whose feet stray from the “narrow

way," those who are the victims of evil habits. Be found with such, only when you are engaged in the truly Christian work of labouring for their reformation.

But in judging others, and in choosing your associates, be very careful not to judge hastily, and without much observation and reflection; be *sure* before you form an opinion of the wrong doing of others; and be yet more sure before you express that opinion to good associates. "A good name is better than riches;" for it is a treasure that the ordinary accidents of life cannot take away. Do not, then, injure another, and sin yourself, by "evil speaking," or "rash words," or inconsiderate censure. Be *just*, and you cannot err in this matter. In expressing your opinions be ever discreet; be assured of your integrity and correctness, when you advance one fact, or withhold another. If possible, when you can say nothing good concerning an individual, say nothing at all; your reserve will be a more Christian and virtuous censure, than many words uttered under excited feelings. But I do not mean that you should *conceal* those faults; which, by concealment might be made

the means of injuring another ; that would be no virtue, neither would it be charity, or justice. You must carefully watch your own *motives* for speaking. We may make known faults, great or small, if we are *sure* we do it for the good of another, and not from any ill feelings of our own.

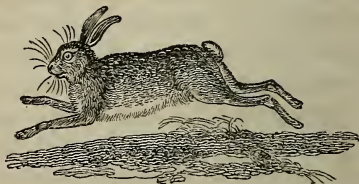
In general, we judge our associates by their words and actions ; but in this our judgments may be rash. Individuals are not at once to be either praised, or censured.

Study characters with patience and candour ; how few among us are there who would be willing that others should set a seal upon our characters, by one or two transient interviews ? or who would be willing that his whole private life should fall under reproach, for one or two trivial faults ? thus you may perceive that while we are to guard against the sin of evil speaking, or rash speaking, we are also to guard against so far excusing sin as to be willing to imitate it.

Habitually cultivate kind and generous opinions. Let justice fill its due place in your mind, and while discriminating the character of your associates, do not forget to study your own. Indeed, let self-improvement be your

first consideration, and thus engaged, you will have less idle time to complain of others.

My dear children, let it be your high praise, that truth and loving-kindness dwell in your hearts, and are made manifest in your lives. When the day is closed, and its work done, be able to say I have improved myself, and made it my endeavour to benefit others. Of none have I spoken unjustly—to none have I spoken passionately or disrespectfully; I have prayed to my Heavenly Father, to give me grace to lead a virtuous and religious life, and that I might be enabled to imitate the example of Jesus Christ. Be able to say this, my young friends, in humility, and in truth—and may our Father in Heaven bring us all finally to our home above, prepared by goodness on earth for happiness in heaven.



THE WALK TO BUNKER HILL MONUMENT
THE CORRESPONDENCE, AND DISOBEDIENCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE WHITE KITTEN WITH THE BLACK NOSE.

WE must now return to the two young ladies, Caroline and Cornelia. The afternoon was very pleasant: it was neither too warm nor too cold for a walk. They went down Hanover-street, to the old bridge; and when they arrived at the toll house, found to their consternation, that neither of them had recollected they must each pay a cent to go over. To go back, would have been a great mortification. While they stood debating what was best to be done, fortunately a gentleman whom Cornelia knew, drove up to the toll house. She frankly told him their difficulty, and requested him to lend them four cents to pay not only for going, but returning. This he very willingly did, and they proceeded on their way; but when they came to the bridge, the draw was up, and there were three vessels to go through, one after the other. This delay was very tedious, for it was already late for their walk. Caroline was to have called Cornelia; and

Cornelia, after waiting till five o'clock, had come half a mile out of her way to call Caroline. It seemed as if the vessels never would get through; and when the last was nearly clear, some of the tackling caught, and detained it another ten minutes. Finally, however, the draw was let down, and again the little girls set forward, "I really hope," said Caroline, "we shall not meet with any more difficulties. I could not help thinking, while we stood waiting there, that if it had been Charles, what a passion he would have been in."

"It would not have done any good," replied Cornelia. "Oh, no!" said Caroline; "but when people are in a passion, they don't think of that. You have no brother, Cornelia; so I suppose you never saw any body in a passion?"

"I have seen people very angry," replied she.

"Yes," said Caroline; "but getting into a passion is a different thing. I wish you could see Charles in a passion; no, I don't, though," added she: "for it makes him look frightfully red and fierce; and he is always ashamed of it afterwards, and willing to do anything in the world for me."

"Oh, there is the monument!" exclaimed Caroline, and they ascended the hill. It must be confessed they were a little disappointed when they saw only a column of stone; but they concluded it would look very different when it was finished. "Who would ever think," said Caroline, "that there had once been such a dreadful battle here. How calm and peaceful every thing looks!" "I suppose it was a great while ago," said Cornelia. "Oh, yes," replied Caroline, "before I was born, before mamma was born." "Then it must have been almost a thousand years ago," said Cornelia, who was not quite so well instructed as her companion. "No," said Caroline, "I was reading all about it the other day. It was in the year 1775. It was the second battle *we* fought with the British—the first, you know, we fought at Lexington." "Yes," said Cornelia, with a vacant look. "Oh!" exclaimed Caroline, warming into enthusiasm, "it seems to me that I can now see Charlestown all on fire!"

"Where! where!" exclaimed Cornelia; "let us make haste home."

"I don't mean that I really can," said Ca-

roline ; “ only I have read so much about it. It is not on fire now. The British burnt it, when the battle was fought.”

“ What are you looking after ? ” asked Cornelia, as she observed Caroline stepping slowly along with her head bent forward, and her eyes fixed on the ground ; “ have you lost any thing ? ”

“ No,” replied Caroline, “ I am hoping to find something.” And she still persevered. “ Tell me,” said Cornelia, “ and I will help you look.”

“ I am in hopes to find a button,” replied Caroline. “ Mr. Church has several buttons that he found on the field of Waterloo, after the battle was fought there. If I could be so fortunate as to find one, I would give it to Charles for his museum.” They now both looked about for a button, till the setting sun warned them it was time to return home. As they came through one of the narrow streets of Charlestown, they saw a collection of boys driving their hoops. It required a considerable effort of courage for the little girls to pass them ; for, cowardly and mean as it is, boys in the streets are sometimes rude to girls who are walking quietly.

The boys stood grouped together ; and Caroline and Cornelia walked by them with beating hearts. They would have done very well, if their fear had not have been so great that they began to run. This was a signal to the boys,—and they all called out, “ Hunt the rabbits, hunt the rabbits ! ” and they all ran after them, shouting and hallooing. Nothing could exceed the terror of the poor girls. They ran through mud puddles without stopping, and finally, one of Caroline’s shoes came off. She did not stop to recover it, but hurried on. At length, out of breath and exhausted, she fell on the ground, just as a man, who stood at his shop door, and saw the whole transaction, rushed out and seized the foremost boy. After giving him a severe shaking, he let him go. Not, however, before he had noted the boys, and calling them by name, told them he would inform the young ladies’ parents who they were. The cowardly boys shrunk away, much ashamed and frightened. Caroline soon recovered sufficiently to resume her walk ; and the friendly shopkeeper, after finding her shoe, accompanied them part of the way home.

It was so late before they arrived, that Mrs.

Barton began to grow anxious; and was on the point of despatching a servant in pursuit of them. Caroline could not relate the ill-treatment they had received, without tears. Her mother told her she would ride over to Charlestown with her the next day, and thank her protector in person. She now inquired for her brother, and went to the room where she had left him at work. He was not there; but on the floor lay the chair upside down, and the book, and the hair work. At that moment he entered. "Oh, Charles!" exclaimed she, "what have you done!" It was quite impossible to repair the mischief; Caroline could only preserve the hair in its tangled state. It was precious to her, because it was her mother's.

The next day, Mrs. Barton, with the two little girls, rode over to Charlestown. She thanked the shop-keeper, for his kind interference, and learning that the boys went to one of the free-schools, requested the master to admonish, or punish them, as he saw proper; in order that other young ladies might escape such rudeness.

Time passes rapidly away. The seeds had

long since come up in their gardens, and Charles had already presented his mother with a plate of his own radishes, and a saucer of his own strawberries. Caroline, too, had softly crept into her mother's chamber, while she was asleep, and laid a damask rose on her pillow. What can be more precious to a mother than the offerings of her children!

"Charles," said Caroline, "you know those Chinaaster seeds you gave me?" "Yes," said Charles. "They are all in blossom now," said she; "you must come and see them." "They are not in your garden," replied he. "No," said she, "I had not room for them. Come with me."

Charles followed her to a retired spot; and there, full of brightness and beauty, he saw the Chinaasters. They were of all colours—white, purple, pink, and every variety of shade. "Now, see if I did not know how to plant them!" exclaimed she. He looked earnestly, and found his own name, "*Charles*." "If you only knew how I have watched over them," said she, "and how difficult it was to preserve the letters, you would be surprised." "No, Caroline," replied Charles, "I should

not have been surprised ; and," added he, his voice faltering, " I never shall be surprised at any thing, which shows what a kind and affectionate heart you have. Wait here, till I come back."

In a few moments he returned, bringing his mother. " Caroline," said he, " you know you have wanted a summer-house this great while. Mamma says you may have one on this very spot ; and I will train vines over it and honeysuckles." As Mrs. Barton saw the delight of her children, and their eyes sparkling with mutual affection, the tears stood in her own ; they were not tears of sorrow, but maternal tenderness.

The next day, Mrs. Barton gave orders to a carpenter to begin on the summer-house. It was not very large ; but it would hold four or five persons. It was an oblong square, with seats all around it. Caroline requested that the back seat might be made like a box, with a lock and key to it. The sides were lattice-work in diamonds for vines to run upon. In two or three days, it was all completed, and painted white. Still, however, Caroline had to wait till the paint was dry before she could take possession of it.

When the happy day came, she had the pleasure of receiving not only Charles and Cornelia, but Mrs. Barton, who took a walk that way, and brought with her a basket of fruit. She embraced her children, but excused herself from remaining with them, lest she should take cold. Never was there a happier afternoon than followed : Charles busied himself with planting vines ; and not a cloud came over their enjoyment.

“Mamma,” said Caroline, the next day, “don’t you think it is a great advantage to a young person to write letters ? my school-mistress says it is.” “It may be,” answered her mother, “if they are carefully written.” “Cornelia Ward and I think of corresponding,” said she, “if you have no objection.”

“It seems a harmless amusement,” replied Mrs. Barton ; “you can at least try it.”

Not long after, Mrs. Barton picked up a little square letter, directed to *Angelina Belmont*. As it was unsealed, she opened it, and found the following lines, written in a very illegible hand, and badly spelt.

“I have received your two letters this morning, my angelic Angelina. I long to see your

beautiful face. Was there ever two such friends as we are. I will promise to keep secrets with you. I wish I had any to tell you, but I have not. I hope your brother Charles is well. Answer this letter immediately. I have written you three before, to-day.

Your eternal Clementina Anville."

When Caroline came into her chamber, Mrs. Barton held out the letter, and said, "is this meant for you." Caroline blushed, and said "yes, mamma." "How long have you changed your name?" inquired her mother.

"Cornelia and I write under feigned names," replied she.

"And what is your motive?" "Why, mamma, in the first place, Cornelia and Caroline sound *so common*; and then every body would know who was meant, if we happened to lose a letter. Besides *that*, Nancy says, when friends correspond, they ought always to write under feigned names."

"Who is Nancy?" inquired Mrs. Barton. "She is the cook," replied Caroline, "that lives at Mrs. Ward's; but she is very sensible, and knows every thing. She knows French."

"You must have a great many letters from Clementina Anville, if she writes you three or

four a day," said her mother. "Yes, mamma," said Caroline, "I have them all locked up in my box, in the summer-house. Should you like to see them, mamma?"

"Thank you, my dearest; but if this be a specimen, I have seen enough of them. I am sorry for your friend Cornelia; but I am afraid her education is much neglected. I cannot wish you to be instructed by the cook when you visit there. You will oblige me, my dear Caroline, if you will drop this correspondence."

"I would willingly, mamma," replied she, "for I am tired of it myself, and I know Nancy tells her every thing to write; but I don't love to hurt Cornelia's feelings."

"Tell her, then, that your mother disapproves of it," said Mrs. Barton. By degrees she withdrew Caroline from that excessive intimacy she was forming, and which had arisen merely from accident. Cornelia still continued to visit her occasionally, but Caroline did not return the visits.

Charles, too, had his favourite companion: a boy who lived in the neighbourhood. One afternoon, Mrs. Barton was going to ride, and she gave Caroline leave to send for Cornelia. After they had amused themselves some time

in the house, they went into the garden. There they found Charles, and William Johnson, his companion. "What do *you girls* want here?" said Charles, rudely, as they approached. "I suppose," said Caroline, "we may take a walk in the garden without asking leave." "You have no right," said Charles, "to come *spying* what we are about."

"I am sure," replied Cornelia, "I would not take the trouble to spy you." "And I am sure," said Caroline, "you would not be afraid of our spying you, if you were not doing mischief." The boys were evidently trying to conceal something they had in their hats. Suddenly, Caroline exclaimed, "Oh, Charles! I smell gunpowder! you know mamma has positively forbidden your playing with it." "You had better be in the house in two minutes," said Charles, seizing a small stick that lay near. Cornelia ran away; but Caroline kept her ground. "Why, you are as brave as the Charlestown boys," said she, "to chase two girls."

Charles dropped his stick. "I will tell you," exclaimed William, "what we will do. Let us get up on the wood-house; they won't dare to come there."

The boys placed a ladder against the building, and got on the top of it. "Now," said they, "you may come up, if you please;" and they ran along, calling, "get on my castle, if you dare."

"I will go away," said Caroline, "if you will promise me not to play with gunpowder." "What right have you to interfere?" exclaimed Charles. "I will not promise any such thing."

All at once, it occurred to Caroline, that they could not do much hurt with gunpowder up there; and giving the hint to Cornelia, they both gave the ladder a sudden push, and it fell over; leaving the boys without any means of getting down.

Charles, whose passions were hard to govern, immediately caught up one of the crackers, touched it with a torch, and hurled it at the girls. It hit Caroline's thin muslin dress, and in a moment it was all in a blaze!

The girls screamed, and William Johnson echoed their screams. Charles uttered not a sound. He rushed to the edge of the roof, and sprung upon the ground. He lay prostrate, for an instant. A large tub of rain-water stood under the spout; he caught Ca-

roline in his arms, and plunged her into it, and then fell senseless on the grass.

The servants began to collect. Charles was carried into the house, and laid upon a bed, while one of them ran for a physician. Caroline had escaped without serious injury; but she thought not of herself: she hung over Charles in agony, exclaiming, "my mother! my dear mother! what will become of *her*." When the physician arrived, he made use of measures that restored Charles to animation, but he found that his collar-bone was broken, and his ankle badly sprained. With Caroline, who had apprehended instant death, all was thankfulness. She flew to her chamber, and knelt down. Never did her young heart overflow with such gratitude as now. She could only utter, "Our Father who art in Heaven!" when she heard the sound of the carriage-wheels. She ran to the door to meet her mother; but she had over-rated her own fortitude. She tried to smile, and look cheerfully; but a sudden gush of tears, dreadfully alarmed Mrs. Barton. "What has happened? where is my dear Charles?" she exclaimed. By degrees, she learnt the accident; and as she fold-

ed her children alternately to her bosom, she exclaimed, "I thank thee, O God, that thou hast remembered mercy in the midst of judgment!"

All that night Charles was in a high fever, and quite delirious. Sometimes he called, "fire! fire! ring the bells!" Then again, "water! water! quick! quick! or she will burn to death." Then Caroline would lean over him, and say, "dear Charles, here is Caroline safe—there is no fire." Towards morning he fell asleep, exhausted by his ravings. Mrs. Barton never left his bed-side. The house was as still as a tomb. Nobody spoke, except in a whisper; not a door was heard to shut, or a foot to move. He slept for several hours. When he awoke, he was exhausted and feeble, but his reason had returned. "Mother," said he, "is all this a frightful dream, or is it true?" "All is well," said Mrs. Barton, clasping his hand, "all is well. Keep perfectly still, my dear boy; and in a few days you will be able to amuse yourself." "Only tell me once, mother, that you forgive me!" "Yes," said Mrs. Barton, embracing him. "How can a mother refuse to forgive a penitent child!"

FORGOTTEN FLOWERS TO A BRIDE.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Some beautiful green-house flowers, the tasteful gift of friendship, to a young lady on the morning of her nuptials, were left behind, at the departure of the bridal cavalcade for a distant abode. With due precautions against the extreme cold of the atmosphere, they were sent afterwards in the stage-coach ; and whether they were poetically inspired by the winter scenery between Hartford and Albany, does not appear. But they announced their arrival in the following manner.

Though you left us behind, yet we would not stay,
 We found your clue, and have kept the way,
 For, sooth to tell, the track was plain,
 Of a bliss like your's, in a world of pain.
 How little we thought, when so richly we drest,
 To go to your wedding, and vie with the best,
 When we made our toilette with such elegant care,
 That we might not disgrace an occasion so rare,
 To be whirl'd in a coach at this horrible rate,
 From village to village and state to state !
 Though we travell'd incog. yet we trembled with fear
 As the voices of strangers fell hoarse on our ear,
 All unus'd to the taverns and roads as we are,
 Our baggage and bones were a terrible care ;
 But we've scap'd every peril, the journey is o'er,
 And hooded and cloak'd, we are safe at your door.
 We bring you a gift from your native skies,
 The chrystal gem from affection's eyes,

Which tenderly gushes when dear ones part:
 We have wrapt it close in the rose's heart.
 We are charg'd with a mother's benison-kiss,—
 Will you welcome us into your bowers for this ?
 We are chill'd with the cold of our wintry way,
 Our message is done, we must fade away,
 Let us die on your breast, and our prayer shall be—
 An Eden's wreath for thy love and thee.

February 1st., 1832.

Those little girls who wish to keep a neat work-box will do well to take care of their tape in the following manner. Take a piece of pretty silk cord, or very narrow tape, about three or four inches long ; wind your tape around this, and when it is all wound, tie the cord so as to confine the end. You will never need to undo this knot ; you have only to take hold of the end of the tape and press backward against the cord, a little, when you want to unwind the tape ; and if you take off too much, you have merely to slip the cord along until it is wound up again. This picture shows how it looks with a little piece unwound.



SOME TALK ABOUT CUBA.

COLLECTED FROM DOCTOR ABBOT'S LETTERS FROM CUBA.

HAVANNA, the capital of Cuba, is a vast mass of stone and mortar, encircled by a high wall, and protected by a broad ditch a hundred feet wide, which can be filled with water at pleasure for the safeguard of the city. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the bay. It appeared like an inland lake, its connexion with the ocean being concealed from our view as we approached it. It is populous with vessels from the whole commercial world. A seventy-four at anchor, in a central part of the bay, looked magnificently; and we had the pleasure to see, among the flags of all nations, a conspicuous place assigned to the *stars and stripes*. The flags were so arranged as to delight not more by their gorgeous colours, than by the tasteful arrangement of them.

The city is a depot of mercantile and agricultural opulence. The immense extent of public buildings, cathedrals, churches, convents; the Governor's palace; the palaces of nobles, and opulent gentlemen, some of which,

cover whole squares ; in short, a spot wholly occupied with buildings, except a very scanty portion devoted to lanes, (for as to streets, we can hardly allow that they have any) proclaim Havanna, within the walls, one of the richest and most important spots on the face of the earth. And yet, Havanna within the walls is less populous than Havanna without. On the east of the governor's square is an elegant little chapel, recently dedicated to the memory of the first mass said on the island by Columbus. A tree lately stood on this spot, under which, it was confidently asserted, the discoverer of the country performed this religious ceremony. It was cut down to make room for the chapel, and its wood distributed in precious relics. On the left side of the altar, in the cathedral of Havanna, is a bust of Christopher Columbus, let into the wall ; and his bones are preserved in a silver urn standing near.

At the village of San Antonio, a few leagues from Havanna, commences the very garden of Cuba. Plantations of *coffee*, beautifully laid out, and neatly cultivated, are almost continuous, and the eye of the traveller is constantly delighted with the finest specimens of agricul-

ture. The quantity of land required for a *sugar* plantation is vastly greater than what is necessary for a coffee plantation; hence the coffee estates are much more numerous. The largest coffee plantation consists of about a million of trees, and employs four or five hundred slaves.

There are more blacks and coloured people than there are whites; and nearly half the coloured population are slaves. The word *creole* signifies one born on the island; of course there are white creoles and coloured creoles. A great many foreigners, from all parts of Europe, and from the United States, have settled in Cuba. There is a class of noblemen, who derive their titles from noble families in Spain. They cannot be arrested for debt; and money will settle accounts for *them*, which other men would have to settle with the halter. These privileges are of course sometimes abused, and the rich man will delay the payment of what he owes to the poor. The Spanish yeomanry of the island are called *Monteros*. Their dress is very simple, consisting of a red striped shirt and trowsers, with a broad sword suspended from the waist by a handkerchief. They ride with great rapidity on a straw saddle, their feet dang-

ling without stirrups. They have the charge of immense droves of cattle almost wild ; and fatten swine, calves, &c. for the neighbouring markets. They manage oxen in crowded streets, by means of reins, with as much dexterity as our horses can be managed by experienced truckmen.

The Monteros are very strict in their domestic discipline. According to Spanish laws, a young man is not free till he is twenty-five years old. A youth in his twenty-fifth year was so undutiful as to contradict his mother in conversation ; she instantly corrected the rudeness by a slap on his cheek, and he retired in confusion to vent his feelings in tears of contrition. The Spanish word for a spoiled child, (*consentida*) means *a child consented to*—a child used to having its own will.

A very beautiful custom prevails among the higher classes of Spanish society. Before retiring for the night the younger members of the family, with affectionate humility, kiss the hands of their parents, and ask their blessing. They bestow it in words like these : “ May God make you a saint.” “ May God make you good and happy.”

Tobacco is a good deal raised in Cuba. The King of Spain, in order to encourage the cultivation of it, gives any man a right to mark out a patch of soil, suitable for its growth, in his neighbour's fields. The owner of the land must give up the ground peaceably for a reasonable price, or yield it to force.

One of the most singular vegetable productions of this island is the *daquilla*, or *lace-wood*. It is a small tree, never larger than a man's arm. It runs high in proportion to the size of the stem; the leaf is large: it has few limbs. It is probably an exceedingly fine species of the *majagua*, of which ropes and twine are made. A Marquis in Cuba, prepared frills of this elegant vegetable lace, for a set of shirts presented to the King. In order to obtain it, the bark is carefully peeled off in one piece. It consists of numerous layers. In order to separate them, the bark nearest the root is bruised with a mallet. It is then, with delicate fingers, separated and carefully opened and spread. A stick, three quarters of an inch in diameter, will yield a piece of lace ten or twelve inches wide,—strong, white, fine, and I might almost say as beautiful, as Brussels lace.

The *cacao* tree, from the fruit of which chocolate is made, is cultivated in some parts of the island. This beautiful tree has large fair leaves and small white flowers. The fruit is five or six inches long, and about eight or ten inches in circumference. These pods generally contain as many cacao seeds as will weigh an ounce when dried for the market. This tree is in bearing all the season ; but it yields the most in May and December.

Oranges of every variety abound in Cuba. *Bread-fruit* brought from the Sandwich Islands, is cultivated with success. The *guayaba* tree, from which excellent jelly is made, is common in Cuba.

The *mango* is by some esteemed the best fruit on the island. In taste it resembles a nutmeg melon. The trees are large and full of foliage. Riding or walking under its thick green canopy is delightful, even at noon-day.

The *plaintain* is one of the greatest blessings of heaven to a tropical climate. It probably constitutes three-fourths of the subsistence of the black population of Cuba, and is a healthful luxury on the table of every white man in town and country. The ease with which it is

raised is astonishing. It loves a good patch of soil entirely to itself, but it will grow among coffee, and on rocks where nothing else can be cultivated. It grows from twelve to fifteen feet high ; its top has long waving leaves like a palm ; and each tree yields nearly a hundred plantains. The economy of this plant cannot be observed without admiration. From the centre of its leaves it pushes forth a purple cone, shaped like a pond lily before it opens. This cone hangs suspended from a strong stem. One leaf soon unfolds from the cone, displaying under its shelter a row of young plantains, which it protects from the sun, and cold, and wet, until it is able to bear them ; and then it falls. Then another leaf starts from the cone, and brings forth its brood as before. The process goes on until the bunch of plantains is as large as the stem can sustain ; the rest wither in immaturity. The African plaintain, called the *fig banana*, is the most delicate. To a northern palate, it is a fine substitute for baked apples. The plaintain is good in a green state, and when ripe—boiled and roasted, fried, and baked. With eggs it makes a fine pudding. Sliced and dried in the sun, it may long

be preserved for ordinary use. After being carefully dried, this fruit has sometimes been exported to Spain with profit.

On the whole, I have concluded that the most beautiful, and most useful class of trees in Cuba, is the *royal palm*, sometimes called the *cabbage tree*. It has curious peculiarities. Though it often runs a hundred feet high, it has no roots as big as a finger. It is remarkable that this tree commences at once a full-sized trunk; its age is determined, not by its size, but by its height; or by the number of circles on its smooth, white, polished surface. Another peculiarity of the palm is, that it has no substance in the interior of its trunk; yet the outside makes the firmest of boards, and when dry is hard enough to turn a board nail. There is no limb from root to top, except it be the bush very near the leaves, on which grows a large quantity of seed that swine are as fond of, as of acorns, nuts, or corn. The leaves which appear at the top, like a superb tuft of waving feathers, are very valuable for thatching; the part of the stem which clasps the trunk, and which unrolls and falls with the leaf, serves to form the sides of the hut, and to *sad-*

dle the ridgepole of a thatched building; to make channels for water; ribbons in the manufacture of cane baskets; and strings for various uses. The top yields a substance as delicate as the finest cauliflower, which is boiled as a vegetable, and sometimes pickled. But in obtaining this delicacy for the epicure, the whole tree is killed.

Out of the palm tree alone a comfortable house may be constructed, without a nail from ground to ridge-pole.

Nothing is more common in Cuba, than to see wild vines running with luxuriance over the trees, great and small. Some of them fasten their roots in the top of the tree, run downward, and fasten themselves again in the ground; they are sometimes seen waving in the air, without any fixture in the earth. I have seen a vine, as big as my finger, fastened above, and two yards before it came to the ground, sending out a dozen filaments, evidently intending to fix in the earth as roots, though they had not been able to reach it. Those vines often form natural arbours, that would be beautiful in the most tasteful gardens. But of all sights the most amusing,

and that continually to be seen, is significantly called, *The Scotchman hugging the Creole*. The *bejuco*, or vine, descends from the top, and then rises from the ground ; by its many convolutions it literally webs over the trunk, grows into it, branch with branch, and looks like an immense serpent wreathing about its victim. The original tree is almost always smothered in the hostile embrace : it rots by piecemeal, becomes a mere skeleton, and finally disappears. But I have sometimes seen the ambitious vine completely defeated, after a long and hard-fought battle. It is generally in those cases where it has fixed on the *inriebra hacha*, or *break-axe*, as its victim. For strength and hardness, for towering height and size, the break-axe may be called the king of the Cuba forest. A single stick of it for a Spanish sugar-mill has cost from one to two hundred dollars. I have seen the parasitical bejuco, at the beginning of its attack upon this magnificent tree, in the height of the battle, and at the end of it. The young boa-constrictor seemed aware of the difficulty of his enterprise ; and wound himself round the tree midway from the root to the top, in a compact spiral, himself the size of a large

cable. The tree was very sensible to its gripe ; swelling out above and below, half covering the folds of the huge vine with its fungous growth. The top gave signs of yielding ; but the tree, to save its life, sent out a stately succour below the deadly grasp, which is already a foot in diameter, and will be a noble tree, when the main stem shall have perished. In some cases, the break-axe and the vine have died together in the mortal struggle.

The most remarkable insect in Cuba, is the far-famed *cucullo*. These natural fire-works of the country, make their appearance in April, and are hailed like the first note of birds in the spring. After the fall of a heavy shower, they are innumerable. Their sport commence with twilight. They dart in all directions, like so many brilliant comets, over the tops of plantations and trees, now soaring, and now descending ; suddenly they wheel from one direction to another, pursuing and pursued, and playing their circles round each other, with a sort of magical enchantment. Our glow-worm, and fire-fly, are not to be mentioned with them. The cucullos give a steady light, emitted through two large eyes, always visible except when they

are flying from you ; and it is a light of uncommon whiteness and purity. In multitudes, almost innumerable, these sylphs of the evening, in robes of light, are flitting from hill to hill ; and as we look up, were it not for their rapid motion, we might be at a loss to determine which were stars, and which these insect comets. The swiftness and irregularity of their flight, the diameter of the circle in which they are seen to attract each other, and the ardour with which they meet, and whirl round a common centre, delight the spectator. The whole family, old and young, leave the mansion to gaze ; and all are alive with equal glee. The children often use a lamp as a decoy, by which the distant cucullo is fascinated, and taken. One captive is exhibited to attract others ; in this way hundreds become prisoners, and are kept in cages prepared for them, or in baskets covered with cloth. The negro mothers use them as their nursing lamps. The creoles are seen running about with them in their hands, and sometimes with a half dozen of them cruelly strung on a spire of grass. Young ladies adorn their persons for evening parties, with a string of cucullo brilliants, dis-

posed on their heads, necks, or frocks ; willing, it seems, to lose some of their moral charms, in order to display their persons in greater lustre. In apology for this custom, it is said that there is a part of the cucullo, which can be pierced without causing suffering. But as the insect cannot speak, it is not possible to determine its amount of misery. With the tenderest treatment, these prisoners expire by hundreds. It is usual to feed them with cane and plaintain. And, as in their natural state, they enjoy showers, and love to bask in the heat, it is necessary to bathe them in water, and dry them in the sun. Out of three hundred attempted to be carried to the United States, by a careful friend of mine, half a dozen only survived the voyage. A distinguished Spaniard, whom I know, was more successful. He reached New-York with fifty ; and being something of a humourist, one fine evening he gave them their liberty in Broad-street, and was much diverted to see the astonishment of the citizens, and the eagerness of a thousand boys in pursuit of the sparkling fugitives.

No doubt your curiosity is much excited to see these brilliant foreigners ; but I know you

too well to believe that you would desire the pleasure at the expense of the pining and death of nineteen out of twenty, in leaving their own balmy climate.

In Cuba, I have had a fine opportunity of observing the *chamelion*; that poetic animal so pleasantly celebrated in a fable you have heard declaimed in our schools. He is of the lizard genus, but larger than any I have seen. He darted eight or ten feet up the tree, like a squirrel. Near a bunch of rich foliage, his body was as green as a leek; his long tail hung down where there was little shade, and it was brown with faint spots, somewhat resembling folds of changeable silk. Now and then he walked slowly up the trunk of the tree, one foot at a time, and the colours were changed a few shades. His head was large for his body, and resembled the alligator's. His eye was as big as a squirrel's, but more sunk. His sides were bristled, from his head half way down to his tail.

Lizards are very plenty everywhere. They amuse by their darting motion, and at times by their tameness and stupidity. They often visit me in my bed-chamber. The little ones will

perch on my glass, while I shave ; and if touched, will dart a foot, and wait for a second hint.

Scorpions are numerous in the island. They are not deadly ; but the wound they inflict occasions severe pain, and sudden inflammation. One morning, a negro brought me one of these ugly reptiles ; it was of monstrous size, and of that inky hue, which is most wicked and revolting. He had seized him by the tail, and he hung dangling and hissing, but harmless. A bottle was prepared, and the prisoner was soon clapped into jail. We proceeded to observe him with a microscope. His back resembled a turtle ; on it was a little eminence ; on each side was a speculum, no doubt to answer the purpose of eyes. The scorpion has two distinct heads, which he thrusts out from under a sort of tortoise shell, and both conspire in the business of devouring. His mandibles resemble a hawk's beak, being quite as much hooked. In his magnified state he looked truly savage. They haunt hollow trees and houses. Sometimes they are discovered, by a torpedo touch, when about to put on your boots and shoes ; and sometimes they stow themselves away in the garments you take off at night. It

is prudent to examine the beds, because they sometimes creep snugly in between the sheets. A friend of mine blew out his lamp, and leaped into bed ; when he was astounded by a thrust in the back, which seemed to him the wound of a rusty nail. On examination, a scorpion was found in the bed. The creature was cut open, and spread upon the wound, and in the morning the pain and the inflammation had subsided.

The giant spider, the *tarantula*, is likewise found in Cuba. It is the very ugliest of creeping things. The inhabitants of the island generally deny that death was ever produced among them, by the bite of the venomous creature. The tarantula has a fierce and inveterate



Tarantula.

enemy in a species of *ichneumon*, or *devil's-needle*, which I have often seen as purple as the tarantula himself. The battle between this winged dragon and the spider sometimes lasts thirty minutes; but in the end, the tarantula is generally conquered.

Thus we see that Cuba, with its balmy climate, its magnificent trees, its beautiful flowers, and its brilliant insects, is not without its evils. Blessings and trials are more equally distributed, among nations and individuals, than we are apt to imagine.

If we, of New-England, have not the bright cucullo and the royal-palm, neither have we the scorpion or the crushing folds of the giant vine.

If we have less of delicious sunshine, and luxuriant foliage, blessed be God, we have no *slaves* to till the ground. Our laws do not sanction that infringement upon the rights of our fellow creatures, which never fails, sooner or later, to bring with it a terror and a curse. Our waking ears are not saluted with the various warblings of tropical birds; but it more than balances this privation, that we are not every morning obliged to hear the *snapping of*

the whip, used, instead of a drum, to rouse the poor negroes from their slumbers.

If wealth does not flow into our cities so rapidly, neither are our shores such lurking-places for pirates and desperadoes; and if our inclement sky be often loaded with frost and cold, hail and storm, it saves us from the exterminating fevers, which so rapidly carry the population of Havanna to their graves.



NEW BOOKS.

MR. Samuel Worcester, the author of a very popular *Primer* and of a *Second Book* for Reading and Spelling, has lately published a *Third Book*. The arrangement of this volume proclaims that its author is an experienced and judicious teacher; and the spirit it breathes shows a religious mind, always looking to something more real than this world can offer. The lessons have not a moral of so many lines affixed to the end; but a pure moral influence is *within* every sentence; and almost all of them are calculated to lead the infant mind directly to its Heavenly Father. Each lesson is accompanied with rules for reading, and with cautions against the errors in pronunciation to which children are the most liable. Rules for punctuation are given, and questions asked concerning the stops in each lesson. The longest words are not divided into syllables, as they occur in the reading, but are affixed to the end, in a little spelling lesson for each day.

A little book has been recently published, containing a "MEMOIR OF HANNAH J. PACKARD," of Duxbury, with a collection of her writings. The longest piece is a Drama, and is really extraordinary from the pen of so young a writer. The poetic pieces are some of them of inferior merit, but give a promise of something better in maturer years. When very young, she loved to make little verses and fables, and taught her dolls to correspond with the dolls of her sister. Her advantages for education were no greater than usually fall to the lot of children in country towns. Yet before she was sixteen years old, she was well acquainted with the best authors in English literature; could read French and Spanish with ease; had made herself acquainted with Virgil and Cicero; and had begun the study of Italian. She was warm-hearted, unassuming, and extremely modest. She had a contemplative mind, more occupied with the realities of another world than the frivolities of this. During her last illness, she was in such a heavenly state, that she thought she conversed with angels, before she had entered the angelic world. The writer of her memoir says, "She was the most *spiritual* child I ever saw." She died at sixteen years of age, at which period she had a strong presentiment that she should leave this world. Miss Packard wrote a piece for the fourth volume of the *Miscellany*, signed H. J. P.



GRANDFATHERS WIG

JUVENILE MISCELLANY.

VOL. II. NO. III.

JULY AND AUGUST.

THE LITTLE GRANDFATHER.

BY MISS GOULD.

“ Now, Henry ! I wish you’d be half
As silent and sober as I ;
You ’ll spoil the whole fun if you laugh—
You *can* look more grave, if you try.

“ But, oh ! what a frolic ’twill be,
When I shall be dressed out so much
Like grand’pa ! they ’ll think it is he,
With his great bushy wig and his crutch.

“ We want something more, just to put
About me, to finish the joke,
And hide me from shoulder to foot :
Suppose we get grandfather’s cloak ?

“ I guess even *he*’d be in doubt,
And puzzled awhile, could he set
His eye on me now, to find out
If he looked on himself or Annette.

“ Be careful to hide every curl
Away out of sight, if you can ;
So they wo’nt know their own little girl,
But will think me a solemn old man.

“ They ’ll give me the great elbow-chair,
And ask me to smoke, and will pay
Such respect ! Then, I ’ll say to them, Where
Is our little Anny, to-day ?

“ Then, when they begin to look round,
And one to the other to call,
‘ Annette is no where to be found !’
Oh ! how I shall laugh at them all !”

These gladsome expressions scarce dropped
From the tongue of the prattler, before,
Unseen by the children, in popp’d
Her grandfather’s head at the door !

“ I’m glad, my dear children,” said he,
“ To find you so happy to-day—
That anything borrowed of me
Can heighten the joy of your play.

“ You bring back the moments to mind
When I had a similar sport ;
But never expected to find
The crutch such a needy support.

“ My feet were as active and light
As your’s ; and the curls, that then shone
About my young temples, were bright
As those that now play round your own.

“ You ’ve given a picture most true
Of your grandfather, he must allow,
When he was in childhood, like you,
And sported as you have done now.

“ When you shall be aged, like him,
And know what the world is all worth—
When your sparkling eyes shall be dim,
And ready to close upon earth—

“ May you, then, for a treasure in heaven,
Be ready as he to depart;
And feel that, to win it, you ’ve given
Bud, blossom, and all, of the heart !”

Answer to Conundrums, page 174.

1. Facetiously. (a e i o u y.)
2. The snuff of a candle.
3. She is full of airs.
4. When he is a *shaving*.

Answer to Charade, page 176.

Cannon-ball.

THE WEEK'S PROBATION.

BY MISS L. BANCROFT.

“Qu’ est ce que cela?” exclaimed Catharine Bennet, one morning in school; “I am sure I don’t know what that is. I mean to leave off learning French, for I can’t make sense of it.” “If you cannot render the sentence into good English, come to me, and I shall be happy to assist you,” said Miss Broadhurst; “but do not speak so impatiently, or make such a disturbance: you interrupt the young ladies in the performance of their duties.”

But Catharine had no inclination to follow this good advice. She had not been diligent in the study of her French fable; the hour allotted to this lesson was nearly spent, and she knew Miss Broadhurst was “*strict*,” as her pupils termed it, in requiring correct recitations. She *felt* she must soon hear the dreaded sentence, “Miss Bennet, you must prepare yourself to recite this lesson again to me to-morrow morning;” and she had not sufficient command of her temper to bear patiently the just punishment of her idleness. Her impa-

tience only increased the evil, as it prevented her from listening cheerfully to her teacher's instructions, and applying herself to her lesson during the few minutes that remained of the hour.

"I *never* saw anything so hard as this fable," said she, in reply to Miss Broadhurst; and snatching up her book, she *dragged herself along* towards her, and flinging it rudely on her desk, cried, "*That is that, that, that*; that is not sense, but it is what it means, for I looked every word out in the dictionary." She tossed the book with so much violence upon the desk, that it slipped and fell on the floor. Miss Broadhurst looked in her face—ill-temper deformed her features, a frown contracted her young brow, and the deep crimson of anger was on her cheek. "You may return to your seat," said she. Catharine burst into tears, and walked to her desk. For a short time, her sobs were the only sounds heard in the school room; but when the clock struck twelve, the class to which she belonged rose in an orderly manner to recite. Catharine wondered, as Miss Broadhurst clearly explained to them the puzzling phrase, that she had allowed so tri-

fling a difficulty to deprive her of her self-command; and her mortification was increased by the consciousness, that there was not one in the class whose abilities were superior to her own. Her present disgrace was to be attributed entirely to the indulgence of an irritable temper. When the recitation in French was over, the class prepared to devote the rest of the morning to the study of arithmetic; and Catharine determined to atone, by her diligence, for her idleness during the preceding hour, hoping she should thus induce Miss Broadhurst to forgive her fault. She was considered by her companions as "*very quick at figures;*" and, vain of her proficiency, her fingers now moved rapidly over her slate.

Emma Drayton, one of the little girls in this class, was a timid, shy child, of ordinary capacity, but patient, and anxious to improve. Till the death of her mother, whom she had recently lost, she had been educated entirely at home; and she could not always summon resolution to ask before her schoolmates, an explanation of the passages in her lessons which she did not clearly comprehend. Miss Broadhurst observed her this morning, sitting, leaning on

her elbow, with her eyes fixed on her slate; and she knew, by the expression of her countenance, that *something* was wrong—but she made no inquiries. She had often assured her young pupil there was nothing disgraceful in not being able at once to understand her lesson, and had endeavoured by gentleness and patience to win her confidence; and she now hoped Emma would make an effort to overcome her diffidence. For some time the little girl remained in the same attitude; but at last, raising her head, she caught the eye of her teacher fixed kindly on her, and resolved to go to her.

“When Catharine read her answer to this sum, ma’am, you said it was right—mine is n’t the least like her’s,” said Emma, in a low tone.

“Read the question, my dear.”

“Purchased in London, a quantity of books, for which I gave \$150; paid for freight, \$5; duties, 15 per cent. What did the books cost me?”

“Why!” exclaimed Catharine, “has not she done that sum yet? I have done three since I read that answer.”

“Your boasting is ill-timed, Miss Bennet,”

said her teacher; "it is better to be sweet-tempered and patient, than to be able to calculate quickly."

Catharine, abashed, endeavoured to conceal her confusion by renewed attention to her lesson; and Miss Broadhurst turned to point out to Emma the mistakes she had made. The clock struck one before she had completed the sum, and the young ladies prepared to go home—all but Catharine and Emma. They had both erred; and they knew the regulations of the school too well, to leave the room. When she was left alone with them, Miss Broadhurst said, "Emma, have you accomplished as much in arithmetic this morning, as you might have done had you followed my directions."

"I really tried to do that sum, Miss Broadhurst."

"I know that, my dear; but still, did you not idle a great portion of your time? Had you exerted yourself to discover your mistake, I should have commended you, for I would rather you should use your own mind than mine; but if I read aright the expression of your countenance, you wasted a great part of the hour in wishing that you dared to ask me,

before the young ladies, to explain the sum to you."

"Yes, ma'am. But I was afraid"—and she looked at Catharine, and stopped.

"You were afraid that rude and vain girls, who do not know in what true merit consists, would laugh at you, for requiring an explanation; but of what consequence ought their mirth to be to you? It is painful to be laughed at, I confess; but you are no longer a mere child, and should have a higher motive of action than the dread of ridicule. Time, and the opportunity for improvement, are too valuable blessings to be trifled with. You will think I speak to you very seriously for the loss of fifteen minutes; but I am anxious for your future standing in life. Your place might as well be filled by one of the ciphers you have been making this morning, if you always spend the time for action in wishing you dared to act. Make up your mind as to what is right and proper for you to do, and then have resolution to bear the consequences of so doing. The consequence of your delay this morning is, that your class are considerably before you in arithmetic."

"I mean to take home my book, and do those sums after dinner," said Emma, timidly.

"I presumed you would, for I know your strong desire to acquire information. I shall be better pleased when you perform your duties each in its proper time. She then dismissed Emma, whom I should be glad to follow to her home; but the course of my story obliges me to remain with Catharine in the school-room.

"May I go, too?" said she, springing up; "I will get that fable correctly at home."

"I do not doubt it; for there is nothing in it which you cannot understand, if you give your mind to it. But, Catharine, is idleness the only fault you have committed this morning?" Catharine blushed, but made no reply. "Are you aware to what a fearful height your irritability has risen?" Still Catharine was silent. "Has there been a day this quarter in which you have not been in a passion with some one?" Catharine covered her face with her hands. "Now, my dear, answer me: do you grow happier, as you become more and more passionate? are your young friends more desirous of your society? are you more beloved at home?"

"No, indeed," sobbed Catharine; "every body calls me passionate and disagreeable lately; and the girls do not like to play with me."

"I do not wonder at that, my dear, if you are as rude to them as you were to me this morning. But I have detained you, not so much to reprove you for this one fault, as to endeavour to rouse you to reflect upon the misery you will bring on yourself and your friends, if you do not strive to command yourself. Your friends may reason with and admonish you; but their admonitions will be of little use, unless seconded by your own efforts. I need not remind *you*, Catharine, that anger is a *sin*; I need not tell you where to go for assistance in the formation of good habits, for you have been well instructed in the precepts of your Saviour. I will not *now* address you as an immortal being, who must form on earth the character that is to fit her for heaven. Since such views have failed to influence you, I must suppose they are beyond your capacity, and must seek for other motives of action. You acknowledge that the indulgence of a passionate temper does not add to your happiness. Believe me when I assure you, that it is for

your *interest* to strive to be amiable and gentle in your deportment. Were this earth the only scene of your existence, good sense would teach you that the best way to secure your own happiness, would be to render yourself an object of affection to those around you. I wish I could think of some reward strong enough to induce you to set a guard over your temper for a short time; for I am sure, if you were once to experience the pure pleasure resulting from the consciousness of having successfully striven against a strong temptation to err, you would not relapse into your old faults. I do not like to *bribe* you to do your duty, Catharine; but I will endeavour to think of some pleasure that you may win, by exercising self-control for a short time. And now, my child, go home."

Miss Broadhurst was grieved to see, by the eagerness with which Caroline left the room, how little impression her remarks had made upon her; but she was not discouraged. She knew that her young pupil possessed a warm heart and generous feelings; and she was confident, that, with the aid of her excellent mother, she would finally be led to apply herself

seriously to the correction of the only glaring defect in her character.

In her haste, Catharine forgot her volume of French Fables, and did not discover this negligence till she had turned the corner of the street in which she lived. At first, she was disposed *not* to return for it; but fearing Miss Broadhurst's displeasure at this open violation of her directions, she went back to the school-room. This delay she did not bear with more patience than she usually displayed, when she encountered a slight obstacle to her wishes.

"What a fuss Miss Broadhurst makes about every thing," she said to herself, as she took her book from her desk, "just as if there were any great harm in dropping my book on the floor." Catharine's conscience asked, "*Was that* your fault?" but she would not answer the question, and was again on her way home. She found the family at dinner; and flinging her bonnet on a chair, seated herself at the table. "Put your bonnet in its proper place, my dear, before you come to the table," said her mother. Catharine pushed back her chair, and rose sullenly to obey; as she left the room, she closed the door so violently, that it flew

open again. The servant was preparing to shut it, but her father called, "Catharine, shut the door gently." She obeyed, muttering, "What *is* the matter with everybody to-day?" She would not reflect, that the difficulty was in the state of her own feelings, and in the readiness with which she yielded to the impatience of her temper. Even now she made no effort to recover from her ill-humour; but, on her return to the parlour, as she drew her chair to the table, she gave her brother a rude push, exclaiming, "I wish George would not crowd me so—he always takes my place." Her brother moved in silence, for he was a remarkably good boy, and no observation was made on Catharine's ill temper.

A few moments afterwards, her mother said, "What book had you in your hand when you returned from school, Catharine?"

"My French," replied Catharine. "Miss Broadhurst was cross this morning, and would not show me how to get my lesson, so I could not recite with my class."

"I thought Miss Broadhurst was remarkable for her patience—are you sure it was she that was cross?"

“I suppose she would not attend to me because my book fell on the floor; but I don't think she was fair, for all that. She might have shown me after I picked it up; but she sent me back to my seat, and then kept me after school to talk to me about my being passionate. And I am sure she is partial, mother; for she dismissed Emma Drayton a great while before she did me, and Emma was as idle as I.”

“Did Emma get into a passion, and throw her book on the floor?”

“No, she did n't. But Miss Broadhurst let her go home a great while before she did me.”

“Did not she reprove her for her idleness?”

“Yes, and Emma had to take her arithmetic home.”

“Then I don't see Miss Broadhurst's partiality. She reproved Emma sufficiently for her fault; and she endeavoured to awaken you to a sense of your increasing irritability, for which I am very much obliged to her. I can only regret that you profit so little by her admonitions—you have behaved very badly since you came home.”

“Yes, mother, and it is all Miss Broadhurst's fault. If she had shewn me the meaning of

my French, I should have come home in time for dinner; but she kept talking to me so long, that I forgot my book, and when I was almost home, had to go back for it."

"Now listen to *my* account of the events of this morning. You met with a little difficulty in learning your lesson; you became passionate, and were rude and disrespectful in your manners to Miss Broadhurst. She reproved you after school. Instead of paying attention to what she said, you were wishing she would let you go home. This inattention, and impatience to leave the room, were the cause of your forgetting your book; you were obliged to return for it; and hence, were late at dinner, and *very* ill-tempered. A little self-command at first, would have prevented all these evils."

When they rose from table, Catharine was preparing to take her French, but her mother reminded her that she must devote the first hour to needlework. "I cannot permit you to neglect so important a branch of female education. The time which you give to your French lesson, must be taken from your recreation."

Catharine had recovered a little from her ill-

humour, and she cheerfully took her work-box and sat down on the sofa by her mother. She sewed for a short time in silence, her thoughts being occupied with the events of the day. After a little reflection, she said, "Mother, I know I am not happy when I am in a passion ; but I don't think I ought to be blamed. I don't always know when I am growing angry ; and I should be glad to be good-tempered, if I could. There is Emma Drayton—I never saw her in a passion, and all the girls love her for it ; but I don't think she deserves to be praised for it, for nothing seems to trouble her."

"I understand you perfectly, my dear ; we have all a proneness to some fault, against which we should therefore be particularly on our guard. 'The sin that doth most easily beset you,' is impatience : you should consequently be on your guard against this constitutional, or, as you would say, natural defect of temper. Emma, on the contrary, is timid and irresolute, though mild and gentle, and must struggle to acquire self-confidence. If, by repeated efforts and constant watchfulness, you become as patient and forbearing as your young companion, this self-command will be in you

a positive virtue ; while Emma will only deserve praise, if she preserve her fine temper uninjured by the trials of life ; and must strive to acquire your promptness to act and to speak."

"But what must I do, mother, to become patient? I very often think, when I get up in the morning, that I will not be angry through the whole day ; but I forget my good resolutions always."

"Because you are not *sincere* in forming them. You may think you are ; but if you were, you would not forget them the very first time you were tried. For example : if I were to promise to take you to the theatre to-morrow night to see little Burke, on condition you were correct in your deportment through the day, I doubt much if your resolution would fail you."

"Oh! mother," said Catharine, laughing, "I wish you would try me."

"I do not think you would deserve the gratification, by exercising self-control for one day ; and beside, my dear, is there not something mortifying to a generous mind to be *hired* to do right?"

"Miss Broadhurst told me she did not like

to *bribe* me to do my duty, but that she would try and think of some pleasure I might have, if I would command myself for the rest of the term. I wish the pleasure might be to see little Burke perform. Don't you think that would be a good plan, mother?"

"I am not surprised at your strong desire to see this boy, and perhaps you may be gratified. I will see your teacher this evening. But, Catharine, the early developement of his mind, wonderful as it is, is not what I most admire in him: he is quite as remarkable for the sweetness of his disposition, and gentleness of his manners. But the hour for needlework is passed. I am now going to walk; and you may accompany me, or remain at home and get your French fable, as you choose." So saying, Mrs. Bennet left the room to prepare for her walk; and Catharine went to the window, hesitating whether she would go out with her mother, or be prudent and remain at home. The sun was shining brightly, and she knew a walk with her mother, on a clear day, was always delightful; but she also knew her mother would be better pleased if she sat down to her lesson; and her desire to do her duty gained the ascendancy.

When Mrs. Bennet returned to the parlour, she found her daughter with her book in her hand; and kissing her, she said, "You have taken the first step in self government, I see. Before I return, I will call on Miss Broadhurst, and we will decide on some suitable reward, if you will exert yourself to control your natural impetuosity."

Catharine joyfully saw her mother leave the house, and watched her till she turned the corner of the street. "I hope she will go first to Miss Broadhurst," thought she; "I wonder what they will conclude upon." She then drew her chair to the fire, and applied herself diligently to her lesson. She felt very happy that she had gratified her mother by remaining at home, and experienced a little of that "pure pleasure," which her teacher assured her would always accompany an effort to do right. When she had learned her lesson, she went up to the nursery, where she found her brother George amusing their little sister, who was two years old, by dragging a cart round the room. She remembered how crossly she spoke to him at noon; and anxious to prove the sincerity of her wish to reform, begged him in a whisper to for-

give her for having been so ill-tempered to him at the dinner-table. George quickly assured her that he had forgotten it; and "Now," said he, "as it is time for Miss Laura to eat her supper and go to bed, you and I will take a game of draughts." Catharine consented, and bore being beaten with wonderful good-humour.

Just at tea-time Mrs. Bennet returned, and Catharine sprang towards her, exclaiming, "Have you seen Miss Broadhurst, mother?"

"Yes, my dear, I have had a long conversation with her."

"And what did you agree upon?"

"After tea, I will tell you. I am busy now, and cannot attend to you."

When the tea-things were removed, and the family were seated in their usual cheerful manner round the table, Mrs. Bennet said, "Come hither, Catharine, and listen to me attentively. I find, from my conversation with your teacher, that you have but one week remaining of your quarter; and as we do not wish to tax your powers of forbearance too heavily at first, we have concluded to limit your probation to that short period. If, during the next week, you do not give way to the frightful bursts of passion

which have lately been so common to you, your friends will reward you for your self-command."

"But how will they, mother?" cried Catharine, as her mother paused.

"Do you not remember that your aunt Goddard invited you to make your cousin Julia a visit of a few days during her vacation?"

"O yes, yes, indeed I do!" was Catharine's eager reply.

"Your little cousin is now at home; and if you will only exert yourself to behave correctly for seven days—only seven, my dear, you shall pass a week in Dorchester with your aunt," replied her mother. "Will my daughter give me the great happiness of seeing her engaged in the correction of her faults?"

As Catharine heard the kind tones of her mother's voice, and caught the affectionate expression of her eye, her heart reproached her for all the pain she well knew she had given her; and leaning her head on her shoulder, she whispered. "Oh, mother! I know I am very, *very* far, from being all you would have me; but, indeed, I *do* love you, and want to please you."

"I know it, my child. When your temper

is exposed to no trial, your love of your parents, and your desire to do right, lead you to consult the wishes of your father and myself, and to employ yourself in those pursuits to which we are anxious that you should devote your attention. You are, also, when not in a passion, an affectionate and obliging sister. But, my dear, you deserve as little praise for this, as you think Emma Drayton does for her placid temper. It costs you no effort to do so ; and I am grieved to observe, that whenever an opportunity offers of testing the strength of your principles, by struggling against the suggestions of passion, you yield apparently without an effort. Neither Miss Broadhurst nor myself can expect that you will at once become gentle in your deportment : we only require you to endeavour, with sincerity, to control your temper, that you should earnestly second our exertions to render you an estimable woman."

"Is a good temper more important to a woman than a man, mother?" asked George.

"Self-command is quite as essential to a man, my dear, as to a woman, for in active life, he must often be placed in situations which expose him to the attacks of the coarse and malicious ;

but it is that meek, yielding spirit, which I am anxious for Catharine to acquire, that gentle and complying disposition, which enables a woman gracefully to sacrifice her own inclination in trifles, for the happiness of those around her."

"Should not a woman be independent and spirited, mother?"

"Certainly, my dear; she is an immortal being, and as such, should be independent in the performance of her duty. But there is no subject on which more erroneous views are entertained, than on that of independence. Some people mistake obstinacy for this virtue, others pertness, others boldness and assurance."

"How shall we know, mother, what is true independence?" asked George, with great earnestness.

"Study, my son, to acquire just notions of the end of your existence. Ask yourself, for what purpose a wise and kind Being created you? and with this end ever in view, I think you must be truly independent. If you are naturally obstinate and stern, the mild and loving spirit of Christianity will blend with and soften the harshness of your temper; if fickle and

wavering, Christian principle alone can give strength and firmness to the character. It is now time for you and Catharine to retire; but before you go, Catharine, I would advise you during this week of probation, to recall at night, in the stillness of your chamber; the events of the day; to observe wherein you have done well, but in every thing how far you have failed of attaining to that excellence which it was in your power to have reached. The habit of daily self-examination is our surest safeguard from the dangers of life; and if steadily persevered in by my children, will fit them, I doubt not, for that state of perfect happiness for which the God of Infinite Love created them." As Mrs. Bennet said this, she drew her children towards her, and impressed on their young brows a *mother's* kiss—the seal of an affection which "many waters cannot quench."

The next morning, Thursday, Catharine made her appearance at the breakfast table with a cheerful face, and seating herself at her father's side, began to eat her bread and milk in silence, casting ever and anon significant looks at her mother, which plainly said, "See, how good-humoured I am." The moment she

had finished her breakfast, she rose, and prepared to go to school. "Remember!" said her mother in a warning voice, as she opened the door; and Catharine bounded down the steps with that buoyancy of spirit, with which the consciousness of good intentions never fails to inspire the young. As she walked along, sometimes swinging her satchel of books to and fro, and sometimes in the joyousness of her heart skipping lightly forward, she saw on the opposite side of the street one of her school-mates, and crossing over joined her, exclaiming, "Oh! Caroline, you don't know how happy I am; for mother has promised me I shall make my cousin Julia a visit next week, on one condition." "What is the condition?" "Guess," replied Catharine; "I'll give you three guesses, and I don't believe you'll be right even in the third." "I suppose you are to keep at the head of your classes through the week. Mother says, that if I will only get the medal this quarter, she will give me the next new year's Pearl."

"No, that is not right," replied Catharine gaily; "you have lost *one* guess, for it is something which mother says is of more consequence than correct recitations."

"What can it be? perhaps you are to finish

that shirt neatly that you have been so long making ; but I don't think that can be the condition—my mother does not care much about my doing needlework." "*My mother does,*" replied Catharine ; " she says it is a very important branch of female education—those are the very words she used yesterday. But the shirt has nothing to do with my visit, so guess again." " I can't, for I am sure I don't know anything else to say. Do tell me."

" Well, I will ; for you would never guess it, if you were to try all day. Mother says, if I will only command my temper one week, I may go." "*Only* command your temper !" replied Caroline ; " then you won't go, if you are to do that." " Why not ?" returned Catharine ; " mother says I can control myself, if I will only make the attempt." " I don't know what your mother says, but *I* know that you'll never be able to do it. Why, every body thinks you are a real little firebrand !" and the rude girl laughed long and insultingly, as she spoke.

The ready colour rose to Catharine's cheek, and her lips parted to give utterance to some hasty word ; but her mother's warning voice still rung in her ear, and with a powerful effort she closed her mouth, pressing her teeth firmly

together. "Father says," she thought to herself, "that I should always count ten before I speak, when I feel hot as I do now;" and she deliberately counted the number. As she reached ten, she turned and said to Caroline, with a voice trembling with emotion, "I know that I deserve to be called a firebrand for being so passionate, but I do not think it kind in you to tell me so, and laugh at me, when I am trying to do well." They were now at the door of the school-room, and Catharine entering, went directly to her desk, though Miss Broadhurst was not in the room.

"I have a good story to tell you," said Caroline Edwards, as she joined the girls round the fire. "Catharine says her mother has promised her she shall make her cousin a visit, if she will not get angry through this week. Now I'll bet she will be in a furious passion six times this morning." "Oh! don't tease her so," said Emma Drayton, in a low tone; "it is not doing as you would be done by."

"Well!" exclaimed Caroline, "who ever expected to hear *you* say a word; but whether it be doing as I would be done by, or not, I say again, I'll bet anything you please that she will be cross before school is dismissed."

“I would rather not bet,” said Emma; “but I have no doubt that Catharine will visit her cousin, for she can do anything she chooses.”

“We shall see,” returned Caroline, in the same taunting tone; and opening her satchel, she prepared to review her lesson in French; but no volume of fables was in her bag. “What shall I do?” she cried. “I have not looked at my French, and have forgotten my book—what will Miss Broadhurst say?”

“I have learnt my lesson, and can lend you my book,” said Catharine, her cheeks still bathed with the tears which she could not suppress at Caroline’s remarks; and every eye was fixed in admiration of her forgiving disposition, and astonishment at her unusual self-command; while Caroline shrunk ashamed to her seat.

At this moment Miss Broadhurst entered the room, and the young ladies took their accustomed places. Catharine stole gently to her side, and whispered, “May I take my seat by you this morning?” “Certainly, my dear,” replied her kind teacher; “I read in your face that you are here, resolute to perform your duty, and you will find me anxious to render you all the assistance in my power. I will now hear you read your French lesson.”

Catharine recited her French, and Emma told the answers of the sums which she had neglected the preceding day; and then Miss Broadhurst gave her attention to the lessons of the morning. With Catharine all things went on quietly and smoothly. Seated by the side of her teacher, her whole attention engrossed by her studies, which were peculiarly interesting, she met with no trial of her temper. She was cheerful; for an approving conscience spoke to her of temptation resisted, and good returned for unkindness; and she bade Miss Broadhurst good morning with a countenance glowing with kind affections. "You have done well this morning, my dear Catharine," said her teacher, on parting from her, "but do not be elated: you have met with no difficulty to-day, and must not hope that every morning will be like this. Do not relax from your watchfulness, but come to-morrow as firm in the resolution to do right."

"Oh! but I *have* been severely tried," Catharine *almost* exclaimed; but she was too generous to tell voluntarily of her companion's unkindness, and the words died on her lips. But, though Catharine heard no commendation from Miss Broadhurst for her forbearance, she was not without her reward. She was at peace

within ; and as she walked home, she thought the sky was of a brighter blue, the air purer and clearer, than she had ever before observed them to be. "What a beautiful day this is, mother," said she, as she seated herself at the dinner table ; "you promised George and me that you would walk with us on the Mill-dam, the first bright day you were at leisure. I wish you would go after dinner." "I will, my child," replied her mother ; "I am always happy to gratify your innocent wishes ; and as I judge, from the good-humoured expression of your countenance, that you did not forget your good resolution while at school, I will readily give myself, as well as you, the pleasure of a walk this fine afternoon."

[To be continued.]

RIDDLE.

I'M white, black, blue, red, gray, or green,
Employ'd to hide what is meant to be seen ;
So yielding sometimes that I meet at each end ;
At others so stubborn, that I'll break ere I bend.
Like mortals, inflexible often am I—
Till, by the tongue softened, I'm brought to comply.
To bring good or ill news to me is the same,
I'm ruin'd and broken without any blame.

THE BEE AND BUTTERFLY.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

"SWEET neighbour Bee," said Butterfly,
 Come, spend a merry hour,
 For cloudless is the summer sky,
 And fragrant every flower.

"The Humming-Bird a party gives,
 Closed by a Ball in state;
 A fashionable life she lives—
 I'll shew you to the *fete*.

"Here is her card—she sent it down,
 She meant to call, no doubt;
 But then your Queen is apt to frown,
 And you are always out."

But to the Butterfly, the Bee
 Replied, with earnest brow,
 "Suppose you work an hour with me—
 I'm not at leisure now.

"By daily industry I live—
 Say, will you aid my task,
 And bear this pollen to the hive,
 If I do what you ask?

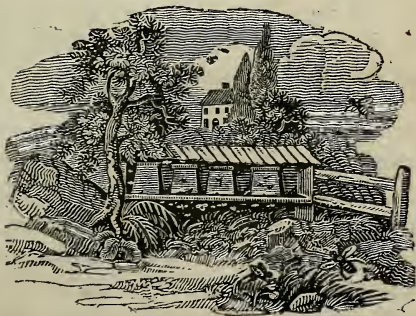
"Perhaps you'd better toil awhile
 For your own winter store,
 Since summer wears a fleeting smile,
 And Autumn's at the door."

“ Good-bye,” the Butterfly rejoin’d,
“ You ’ve grown a mope, I see ;
There’s nothing spoils a brilliant mind
Like hum-drum industry.”

And so the cheerful Bee with care
Pursued on pinions light,
Through the vast oceans of the air,
Her trackless path aright.

The tallest trees she ventured up,
And scaled the vine-clad wall,
Singing, and tasting every cup,
But temperate in all.

One morn, as from her honied cell
’Mid autumn’s frost she sped,
Beneath a flowret’s wither’d bell
The Butterfly lay dead.



THE MORAL OF A WORM.

WALKING one day in the garden, my attention was attracted to a magnificent worm of a very large size, which was apparently feasting upon a carrot leaf. It seemed to be literally somewhat elevated above the condition of the class to which it belonged, inasmuch as it was furnished with several pairs of feet, by which it fastened itself to the stem upon which it rested. It had "a coat of many colours," which could not have been surpassed in richness, by that of Joseph; and reminded me of one of Doctor Watts's hymns, which I, in common with most other children of that generation, learned in my childhood; but which has been superseded, together with many other good old-fashioned things, in modern times.

"The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer clothes than I," &c.

Desirous of making some little acquaintance with this worm, I touched it gently with a stick, when it immediately threw out something that looked very much like a pair of horns, which had hitherto been concealed in the folds of its beautiful covering. These, of course, had ra-

ther a hostile appearance ; and upon mentioning the fact afterwards, I was told that they constituted its weapons, with which, when irritated, it inflicted a wound, that was accompanied with much inflammation and soreness.

The next day, I was introduced to a little girl, Ruth Sabin, who had come with her mother to visit some friends that resided in "our village." She was from the city, and very gaily dressed. This circumstance, of course, impressed my youthful imagination not a little ; and I began to wish that I too might wear embroidered frocks, lace frills, gay belts, ornaments, &c. Her features were pretty, her manners graceful, and altogether her appearance was very attractive.

In the afternoon I was invited out to take tea with her. Being "a stranger of distinction," she was the principal object of attention ; the plays which she proposed were adopted in preference to all others ; and every thing went on smoothly, until her cousin suggested to her that it was time to go—a proposal, which she declined, with an air that seemed to say, "what right have you to regulate my movements?"

Her cousin then called her into the hall,

where I was putting on my things; and I overheard a little conference between them, to the following effect :

“ I can’t go yet, Sarah ; I am not ready to go.”

“ But you know, Ruth, that you have a bad cold, and your mother charged us not to be out after nine.”

“ Well, I don’t care—I shan’t stir a step. I should think you might wait a little while to please me.”

“ I should like to oblige you, Ruth, but mamma never is pleased when I don’t get home at the time appointed.”

“ Well, do go along, then,” retorted Ruth, quite angrily—“ and leave me to get home as I can ; for the more you are determined to go, the more I am resolved to stay, and be as disobliging as you are.” So saying, she hastily returned to the company, leaving her cousin at a great loss what course to pursue ; and very much grieved.

“ Ah ! ha !” thought I—“ this little girl, too, has horns under her fine clothing ; and I perceived, whenever I met her afterwards, that if all things went according to her mind, she preserved a smooth unruffled deportment ; but the moment she was opposed in any thing, or met

with what was disagreeable to her, *the horns were obtruded*.

This led me to be often speculating upon the new acquaintances I made, especially those whose appearance was particularly agreeable and promising; and made me curious to discover whether there were not *concealed horns* about them. If so, I thought it would be better to have them appear at first sight, to prevent disappointment; and I confess, I am still of that opinion.

My mother at length began to observe this propensity of mine with some anxiety; for she thought it better to be too confiding, than unreasonably incredulous, in regard to the good qualities of those we chanced to meet on the highway of life; and feared lest I should form a habit of suspicion and universal doubt. Many a conversation have we had upon the subject, of which the following may serve as a specimen.

“Surely, my dear, it is not desirable that every one should show his worst side without the least reserve—you would not like to do it, yourself.”

“No, not exactly. But I would never take

pains to appear a great deal better than I really am, and deceive people. You know what it is that I dislike so much—it is to have persons appear so *remarkably* good and amiable, and all that, when they are with those whom they are anxious to please, although at heart ill-tempered and selfish ; to be sometimes on their guard for the sake of reputation, but never for conscience sake.”

“That is worse than contemptible, and you cannot dislike it more than I do. But you are too apt, if you experience the slightest disappointment in the characters of your acquaintances, to ascribe it to deliberate deception on their part. The fact is, that there is hardly a human being who has not some inconsistencies of character.”

“Do tell me some of mine, mother.”

“Here you are this afternoon dressed in the neatest manner—a clean frock, clean skin, clean teeth, clean nails, and hair as smooth as velvet. You have not felt in your usual haste ; and have made your toilet with more than common care. A stranger would take you for one of the neatest young ladies in the world ; but if he should happen to pass by your room, and see it as I

saw it just now, all in disorder—he would say, 'This young lady's neatness is, after all, a sham, a mere pretence.' "

This idea shocked me so much that I immediately ran to my room, and put it very nicely in order, that I might not be in fact so inconsistent as I seemed ; and I thought I should never allow it to get in disorder again. But, alas! the inveteracy of habit! it was a long, long time, before I could discipline myself so as to keep it habitually nice ; it was only when I chanced to take particular pains with my person, that I remembered to be particular about my room.

When I returned to my mother, I begged to know what other inconsistencies she had perceived in me—feeling, I confess, pretty sure that she would task her memory in vain.

She smiled ; and said, "perhaps you had better not have a full account at once."

"Oh, yes, mother," I replied ; "I had rather know the worst."

"Well, then, the other day, when your father saw you without employment, and wanted you to do some writing for him, although you did not refuse, you showed so much reluctance, that

he would not give it to you ; but this morning, when your cousin Arthur asked you to copy some music for him, you sat about it with the greatest alacrity, although I have heard you declare that nothing could be duller than copying music ; and you were obliged to give up your favourite occupation of drawing, too."

" Well, mother, some how or other it does not seem dull when I copy it for him—he is so pleasant, and I like him so much."

" Then I must infer, that your father is not pleasant, and that you don't like him."

" Oh, shocking, mother ! 'tis no such thing ; but then, you know, it is about our friends whom we are with all the time, just as it is about other persons and things that we are most familiar with—we are not apt to be so very considerate about them, as about those that are new or rare. When I go to a new teacher, I am much more anxious to do extremely well, and afraid to do otherwise at first, than afterwards, when I get accustomed to him. When I have a new study, I think it the pleasantest that ever was, until the novelty wears off a little. I always take excellent care of my new clothes a little while, and then forget to be very careful. For

example, that little new shawl, that was given me the other day. When I first had it I never failed for some time, to fold it exactly as it was at first—in short, I treated it with the highest consideration, and thought I should never do otherwise; but I soon found myself using it with the freedom of familiar acquaintance, and tossing it into my drawer without ceremony. Now, mother, I think all this is according to a law of our nature; and though I love you and father a great deal better than any body else in the world, some how or other I am not apt to be *so particular* with you, you know, as with friends whom I don't see so often. Cousin Arthur has not been here a great while, and it is different with him."

"Change the term, *law* of our nature, to an *infirmity* of our nature, and I will agree with you, my daughter. A *law* of our nature must be *obeyed*—and an *infirmity* may be *cured*. I do not reproach you, because you find more excitement in doing something for your cousin, than in serving your father—what you term a law of our nature, is to be resolved into a love of excitement; for it is natural to the mind to be more excited by what is new and occasional,

than by what is habitual. I hope that some time or other your nature will be so far perfected, that you can find your most agreeable excitement in the discharge of what are called the common duties of life; and, meanwhile, I beg you will learn from your own inconsistencies and defects, a lesson of indulgence towards those of others."

"Don't you think, mother," said I, one day, "that it is well to have our eyes open upon the faults of others, and so learn to avoid them ourselves?"

"Yes; but there are two things which are better still; first, to have our eye upon *our own* faults with the same purpose; and secondly, to look out for the *good* qualities of our neighbours, that we may imitate them."

"Oh, mother, you are always for *putting me down*."

"Not at all, my dear; but you are already sufficiently expert at discovering faults; and I should like, hereafter, that you would turn your attention more particularly to searching out good qualities. You will find that there is no person without some virtues."

“Please, at least, to except Johnny Slawson, and Miss Eunice Glover.”

Johnny Slawson was an idle, passionate, *shiftless* little fellow, who lived in our family as errand boy, waiter, &c. &c.; and daily tried my patience and provoked my anger. He never undertook to weed my flower-bed without pulling up more flowers than weeds; never was sent upon an errand, and directed to make the greatest possible despatch, without being gone at least three times as long as was necessary; and never was reprovèd without getting into a passion.

Miss Eunice was a maiden lady—one of those people, who, not finding sufficient interest in their own avocations, are exceedingly busy with the concerns of other people, and instal themselves into the office of public and private censor. She once looked very sharp at me, and shook her head in the most solemn manner because she saw me smiling when she deemed it improper; and from that time I conceived the most unconquerable aversion to her.

“Miss Eunice and Johnny have both their own peculiar merits,” replied my mother. “Miss Eunice is a model of filial devotion to

her decrepid old parents, nor is her active benevolence confined to her own relatives. She will make great sacrifices of care and convenience to serve a sick family; and in cases of disease supposed to be contagious, where most people shrink from the idea of approaching the sick, she proves herself, most emphatically, a friend in need—never allowing herself to be deterred by fear from rendering all the service in her power. As for Johnny, he has raised himself in my estimation exceedingly by something that occurred this very morning. You recollect, that some time ago he lost a two dollar bill, which I sent him to pay to my shoe-maker. To-day he received a present of the same sum from his sailor brother, who is now at home on a visit, and who gave it him for the purpose of buying a cap, which you know has been long the object of Johnny's ambition. But the little fellow no sooner received the money than he brought it to me, saying that he wished to pay for the two dollars that he lost; and he was so much in earnest, that it was a long time before he would consent to retain it."

"Well done, Johnny," I exclaimed; "I will not scold you again for a whole month, if 'tis possible to refrain so long."

“I observed to Johnny,” my mother continued, “that I thought it would be easy for a little boy who was so honest about money, to be honest about every thing. He stared, as if he wondered what I meant. I said to him, you must remember that your time is mine, because I pay for it. I give you your food and your clothes for your time; so when you are idle, and waste your time, you waste my property. This seemed a new idea to him—he stared, smiled, and then hurried out of the room into the garden, as if with a determination to be more strictly honest.

MATER.



Answer to Conundrum in the March No. of the Miscellany.

Why are hay and straw like spectacles?

Answer. They are forage. (for age.)

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why was our first mother, before the fall, like the twelve apostles?

2. What do we often see made, but never see after it is done?

3. When is a sailor not a sailor?

4. Why are beggars like fisherman and shepherds?

I WOULD I WERE A LITTLE BIRD.

" I WOULD I were a little bird,
 To fly so far and high ;
 And sail along the golden clouds,
 And through the azure sky.
 I'd be the first to see the sun
 Up from the ocean spring ;
 And ere it touch'd the glittering spire,
 His ray should gild my wing.

" Above the hills I'd watch him still,
 Far down the crimson west ;
 And sing to him my evening song,
 Ere yet I sought my rest.
 And many a land I then should see,
 As hill and plain I cross'd ;
 Nor fear, through all the pathless sky,
 That I should e'er be lost.

" I'd fly where round the olive boughs,
 The vine its tendrils weaves ;
 And shelter from the noon-beams seek
 Among the myrtle leaves.
 Now, if I climb our highest hill,
 How little can I see !
 O, if I had but wings, mamma,
 How happy I should be !"

" Wings cannot soar *above* the sky,
 As thou in thought cans't do ;
 Nor can the veiling clouds confine
 Thy mental eye's keen view.

Not to the sun dost thou chant forth
 'Thy simple evening hymn ;
Thou praisest Him, before whose smile,
 The noon-day's sun grows dim.

“ But thou may'st learn to trace the sun,
 Around the earth and sky ;
And see him rising, setting still,
 Where distant oceans lie.
To other lands the bird may fly,
 His pinion cuts the air ;
Ere yet he rests his wing, thou art,
 In thought, before him there.

“ Though strong and free, his wing may droop,
 Or bands restrain its flight ;
Thought none may stay, more swift its speed,
 Than snowy beams of light.
A lovelier clime the bird may seek,
 With summer go and come—
Beyond the earth awaits for thee
 A bright eternal home.”

Boston.

L.



THE LITTLE PRATTLERS.

I KNOW two little girls, who are very good and very happy. Their cheeks glow with health, and their dark eyes sparkle with good-nature and joy; their little dimpled fingers are always in motion, and their small feet bear them over the ground as nimbly as the kitten, or the young lamb, after which they often run. Many children, who have a nursery-maid and other attendants, will be surprised to hear that these little girls have amused themselves almost the whole winter alone. Their mother, who loves them dearly, thought they were too young to go to school; and she placed them where she was sure they were in no danger from fire, and where they were warm and comfortable, and left them to amuse themselves. The little girls, who hear this, will say, perhaps, "Oh, I should like it mighty well; it would be nice fun to have my baby-house, my rocking-horse, my new doll, with its cradle, my jumping-jack, my cup and ball, my pretty coach to drag round, and all the rest of my things, to play with in a snug, warm room, all to myself." I hope the children who have these pretty toys are very happy and

always contented, and grateful to those good friends who supply them; but the little girls of whom I am speaking, had none of these things. They had nothing but slates and pencils, needles, thread, and rags; not a toy, except such as they made for themselves, or their mother picked up for them. They sometimes had a fine play in the snow, when their brother and sisters came home from school, either helping to build snow-men, or snow-balls, or riding on the sled. Their mother spent with them every moment she could steal from her household duties. One of their greatest pleasures was a visit from her. As she passed through the room, they would often catch hold of her gown, and say, "Stay with us a little while, mother, tell us about metals, or flowers, or something; do stay a moment!" "But who will stay and comfort poor sick grandma? should you like to be left alone if you were sick?" "No mother." "Then, my darlings, do as you would be done by; run and play; and when grandma is well, I will tell you stories every day." "Do you hear, Anne, do you hear?" exclaimed the delighted child, clapping her hands, "*every day* mother will tell us something pretty, when she sits down stairs;"

and away they bound. Anne is the general favourite, because she is the baby. Sometimes they amuse themselves by dressing up in the most curious manner. Ella, the oldest, is the dressing-maid, and you would laugh to see them in their brothers' hats or caps, with their aprons for cloaks, and their shawls for turbans. Their joyous laugh rings like the song of the happy birds. I often stop to listen, as I pass through their room, for I love children dearly; their prattle is music to my ears. Yesterday I heard Ella say, "Let us make a doll, Anne, for I'm tired of jumping; and I'm so warm too—feel of my cheek. Come, Anne, let us make a doll. I'll make the cap with this pretty muslin." "I have lost my needle, Ella; and mother says I am careless, and I am afraid she will not give me another; I can't work without a needle, you know. Lend me your needle, do, Ella; I should think you might." "But how can I make the cap then?" "You can cut it with the scissors." "No I can't, Anne; it won't stick together, if I don't sew it; will it?—go, ask mother; go, beg her; and she'll give you a needle." "Will you ask her, Ella? there she comes down stairs." Away they run to meet their

mother. Ella holding the chubby hand of her sister, and both grasping their mother's gown, equally interested for the needle. "Do give Anne a needle, she won't lose it, mother; I know she will not—will you, Anne?" "No, I'm sure I shall not," said the little girl, half hiding her laughing face on her sister's neck; "I will take care not to drop it on the carpet, but bring it right to you, mother, certain true." The needle was obtained; and the little girls were as busy for an hour, as the ants who come out with their grains of sand, or the bees who hum round the roses in a bright summer day.

One morning, sitting in the room with their mother, cutting paper, Ella was quite content; but Anne says, "Dear me, these ugly scissors won't cut a bit; I wish I was as big as Ella. Do let me have your scissors, sister, and I'll give you my orange-peel." "Well, you may try mine, Anne; here they are." "Oh dear! these won't cut, either. Show me how to cut, Ella." "Look at me; see how my scissors go—cut, cut, cut, so fast. Hold your fingers tight in the holes, Anne." "Bows, you mean, Ella," said her mother, interrupting her. "*Bows*, mo-

ther ! sister has bows made of ribbon on her bonnet, and I have ribbon bows too ; these are funny bows, mother," replied the little girl, turning the scissors over in her hand. " Steel bows, and muslin bows, and ribbon bows ; do people have brass, and iron, and gold for bows, too, mother ?" " Yes, dear, and tortoise-shell likewise ; aunt Laura's spectacles have shell bows. The word bow only means the form of anything that is bent ; your brother has a bow, with arrows." " My scissors are naughty, ugly scissors, mamma, and they won't cut," said little Anne, half inclined to cry. " Put your fingers in the bows, as I do, Anne," said Ella, " and cut so ; but you are a little girl, and can't cut so good as I can. I will cut you some little girls, and boys, and women, and we will play school." " I can cut little girls and boys and women, too, when I am a big lady, can't I, mother !" said the little girl, looking in her mother's face. " Oh, yes, Anne ; and you can cut well now if you try, and try very often."

" I have been good all day, mother ; have I not ?" asked Anne. " Pretty good, dear, though I think I heard some disputing about a piece of paper." Ella looked thoughtful ; and

replied in a low tone, "I only wanted the paper to cut houses for Anne, mother." "But Anne is the baby, you know; and I could give you more paper. I have never seen any thing in the world worth quarrelling for, Ella; it is better to give up your play-things, whatever they are, than to make unkind feelings come in your little happy heart."

"Ella can't have my new shoes, mother, if she does cry for them, all day," said Anne. "Your shoes are too small for her, my dear; but if you had another pair of larger ones, what would you do with them?" "Oh, I would give them to Ella." "I thought so; for Ella loves you dearly; and if you do not love one another, you can never go to that beautiful heaven where God dwells, and the angels are so happy."

Rhode-Island.

L.



ANECDOTES OF ELEPHANTS.

THESE animals are so very sagacious and docile, and have, in all ages, attracted so much attention, that quite a large volume might be filled with the stories that have been related of them.

When well treated, these huge creatures are extremely gentle, affectionate, and grateful. Almost every child has read about the old herb-woman, who had been in the habit of feeding an elephant, when he came to her stall. It chanced one day, that her stall was overturned, and her infant child tumbled into the street; in the midst of the confusion, his mother for a moment forgot him, and he was in great danger of being trampled to death by the crowd. The grateful elephant, perceiving the danger, lifted the boy with his trunk, and placed him safely on a neighbouring shed.

Ælian tells us of an elephant that was passionately fond of a flower-girl in the streets of Antioch; and Athenæus, of one that so attached himself to a child, that he would only eat in his favourite's presence, and when the little one



THE ELEPHANT.

slept, was incessantly occupied in driving away the flies which surrounded him.

Elephants have been known to pine to death in consequence of being separated from a driver to whom he had become much attached; and one which killed his mohout in a fit of rage, was so sensible of his offence, that he pined away, and died six months after.

Elephants are always very solicitous to avoid doing any injury to animals smaller or weaker than themselves; and amid all the fury of a battle, and all the hurry of retreat, they step aside with the utmost caution, when there is any danger of hurting the wounded and the dying.

But they have a keen sense of injuries, which they are almost sure to retaliate. Every body remembers the elephant, which being pricked with a tailor's needle, deliberately went away, filled his trunk with dirty water, and returned to deluge the shop where the offender was at work.

A Mohout* having purchased a cocoa-nut, broke the shell, by striking it hard on the skull

* Elephant driver.

of his elephant. The animal soon after passing by a heap of cocoa-nuts, caught one up, and throwing his trunk back over his head, struck the driver's skull with a force that killed him on the spot.

An elephant employed upon a march refused to bear a greater weight than was agreeable to him, by constantly pulling part of the load off his back; an officer, provoked at his obstinacy, threw a tent-pin at his head. A few days after, as the animal was going from the camp to water, he overtook the officer, and seizing him with his trunk, lifted him into a large tamarind-tree, which overhung the road, leaving him to cling to the boughs, and get down as well as he could.

A man once took hold of an elephant's tail, as he was passing through the streets of London. The animal was so displeased at this insult, that he turned suddenly round, and grasping the man with his trunk, placed him against the iron rails, where he kept him prisoner for some time. The keeper at last prevailed on the elephant to let the offender go, but not till after he had received some hard squeezes. The man complained to a magistrate, who of course gave him no redress, because he was the first aggressor.

Elephants are easily managed by gentleness, but injudicious punishment sometimes makes them very unruly. A large elephant, carrying a number of people on his back, was suddenly irritated by his mohout, who struck him violently. The unhappy man was instantly pulled from his seat by the enraged animal, who suspended him by his trunk, in a way which rendered escape impossible, and then dashed him to pieces.

In ancient times the elephants were slaughtered by thousands, for the sake of their ivory tusks; for whole palaces and thrones, and immense statues, and beds, and chairs, and tables, were then made of ivory. Even at the present day great havoc is made among these noble creatures, for the sake of supplying mankind with boxes, card-cases, chess-men, billiard-balls, plates for miniatures, musical instruments, &c. &c. In order to obtain these things, the hunters are exposed to the most frightful dangers, and the severest privations, and terror is spread among thousands of unoffending animals, quietly enjoying themselves among the great rivers, and the immense savannas of Africa.

An elephant hunter thus describes his dan-

gerous business: "I was driven to this wild pursuit by debt and necessity. I have nearly got over my difficulties, for in twenty months I and my Hottentots have killed eight hundred elephants; four hundred have fallen by my good gun; and when I am free I quit it. Scores of times have the elephants charged around me, even within a yard of the bush under which I had crept; and I feel that it was a chance I was not crushed. Once I had fired on a large group in a deep ravine, one side of which was formed by a steep cliff, that echoed back the sound of the firing, and a hundred elephants with upraised ears, and loud screams, and tossing trunks, rushed down the narrow pass, and charged the echo, being the opposite side to that in which we had fired, and the one to which we had moved; myself and Hottentots lying in the bush, while they rushed by us. The boldest hunter is killed at last. When pursued by a rhinoceros, I have sprung down a high bank, not knowing its depth, or whether I might not fall on a rock, or a stump. It is a life of no common hardship and danger. I have been obliged to eat the shoes from my feet."

Here is the picture of a hunter, who has been thrown from his horse and pursued by an enraged elephant; he has taken refuge in a tree, and the furious animal is trying to get at him by pulling down the boughs; but his friends are coming to his assistance, and I hope the man may be saved.

In Africa they hunt the elephant only to kill him; but in Asia they take him captive for their use. More than a thousand people sometimes join in pursuing a herd, with the clang of drums and trumpets, and the din of fire-works and musketry. An Asiatic elephant-hunt is said to be very magnificent.

When they wish to take wild elephants alive, they generally make use of tame ones, which amuse their unsuspecting companions while the hunters are tying their fetters; and sometimes the treacherous creatures even assist in fastening the cords. If the prisoners, in their violent efforts to escape, get loose, it is very dangerous to encounter them; but after a short captivity, if treated gently, they become very docile, contented, and obedient.

In their domestic state, man makes use of their sagacity in a great variety of ways.

The Asiatic Kings use them in war; on which occasion they are richly caparisoned, and carry large wooden towers on their backs, full of armed men. In ancient times the Moguls used to arm their war-elephants by binding a sword to their trunk and daggers to their tusks; but the mighty power of the elephant in crushing down the ranks of the enemy under his heavy feet, is principally relied upon. In India, where the route of an army often lies through wild and overgrown jungles, where no path can be found, elephants are of great use. They will carry ponderous artillery through sloughs, and over steep mountains, where the strength of man would be of no avail. In ascending narrow and precipitate paths, they try every rock and tree with the utmost caution, in order to be sure of safety. When they first set foot upon a bridge, they know instinctively whether it will bear their weight; and if it be weak at any point, neither entreaties nor blows can urge them forward. The drivers coax them along perilous paths by saying, "Well done, my dear,"—"my son,"—"my dove,"—"my wife." The younger elephants watch every step with intense interest; making eager

motions all the while, as if they were shouldering their companion up the dangerous acclivity; and when he is safely at top, they announce their joy by a shrill sound like a trumpet. If they, in their turn, are obliged to ascend, the older ones encourage them by every means in their power, extending their trunk to the younger brother in distress, around which he entwines his, and so is drawn up in safety. When the task is accomplished, it is pleasant to behold their mutual endearments and rejoicings. Their usual reward for such difficult enterprises is a large quantity of sweetmeats, of which they are very fond.

In India these intelligent creatures are taught to pile wood, which they do with the greatest neatness, day after day. They are likewise instructed to draw water from wells. For this purpose a young elephant once had a bucket fastened to his trunk; as he approached the well, an older and stronger elephant wrenched it away from him; the young elephant walked away with apparent unconcern, but watching his opportunity, he came against the other with all his force, and pushed him into the well. His owners were at a great loss how to get the

huge creature out ; particularly as it was a hot, dry season, and the elephant liked to stay in the water too well to make any efforts to assist himself. At last, the sagacious creature was persuaded to place faggots, one by one, under his feet, until he stood upon a pile so high that they were enabled to reach him.

Elephants are likewise used in launching boats, and in battering down walls ; in the latter case, they carefully watch the effect of every blow, and suddenly draw back, when they perceive any danger of being crushed by the falling ruins. When taught any employment, they will faithfully continue to do it, without any one to direct them. An elephant at Barrackpoor would swim laden with parcels to the opposite shore of the Ganges, unload himself with the utmost precision, and return again.

A lady near the Fort of Travancore was astonished, one morning, to observe an elephant unattended, marching into the court-yard, carrying a box in his trunk, apparently very heavy. He deposited this, and going his way, soon returned with a similar box ; which he placed by the side of the other. He continued the operation till he had formed a considerable pile,

arranged with undeviating order. The boxes contained the treasure of the Rajah of Travancore, who had died in the night, and of whose property the English commander of the fort had taken possession, thus removing the more valuable for greater security.

When an epidemic distemper was raging fearfully at Lacknaor, the Nabob rode out upon his elephant. The road to the palace was covered with the sick and the dying. The slaves made no attempt to clear a path; but the more charitable beast, without any command, lifted some out of the way with his trunk, and stepped so carefully among the others, that none were hurt.

An artilleryman seated on the tumbril of a gun, fell off during a journey, in such a manner that in a second or two the hind-wheel must have gone over him. The elephant behind the gun, without any warning from his keepers, instantly lifted up the wheel with his trunk, and kept it suspended till the carriage had passed clear of him.

Elephants sometimes supply the place of a nurse. An English officer in India, speaking of those who followed the army, says, "I have

often seen the wife of a mohout give a baby in charge to an elephant, while she went on some business, and have been highly amused in observing the sagacity and care of the unwieldy nurse. The child would soon begin crawling about; in which exercise it would probably get among the legs of the animal, or entangled in the branches of the trees on which he was feeding; when the elephant would, in the most tender manner, disengage his charge, either by lifting it out of the way with his trunk, or by removing the impediments to its free progress. The animal was chained by the leg to a peg driven in the ground; if the baby was in danger of getting out of his reach, he would stretch out his trunk, and lift it back again as gently as possible."

Elephants have been taught to shoot an arrow from a bow, and move their limbs in time to music. An elephant has sometimes been taught by his keeper to hide eatables in the corner of his mouth, and when they are alone together, he takes them out and gives them to the man. In hot weather they sprinkle themselves with water they have reserved fresh in their stomachs for that purpose; they also lay by grass, and keep it fresh in the same way.

During a campaign, it was discovered that the elephants belonging to an army grew very poor; on examination, it was found that the keepers stole their food from them for their own use. These cruel men were punished, and inspectors were appointed to see the animals fed. After a few months the elephants again became very emaciated, though the inspectors daily examined the quantity and quality of their food. It was at last found that the elephants had been taught to receive the balls and retain them in the corner of their mouths, until the inspectors were gone, and then they gave them up at the command of their keepers, though they were nearly starving.

A gentleman who a long time resided in India informs us, that in this same campaign he performed many long journeys on an elephant, whom he praises for sagacity, docility, and affection. He would stop when his master wished to sketch a landscape, and remain perfectly immoveable. If mangoes were wanted, which grew out of common reach, he would select the best branch, break it off and deliver it to the driver, and receive a portion for himself with a respectful *salam*, raising his trunk three

times above his head, and murmuring thrice. If a branch was likely to obstruct the sedan-chair, or howdah placed on his back, he would snap it off without orders ; and he often carried a large leafy bough in his trunk as a fly-flap, or fan. During breakfast he generally made his appearance at the door of his tent to solicit sugar-candy and fruit, and caresses and encoiumiums, in which he delighted as much as a favourite cat.

Throughout India the elephant is employed in tiger-hunting. His delicate scent, his strength to make way through the thickest covers, his sagacity, and especially his great stature, by which the hunter is lifted out of danger, render him peculiarly fit for a combat, which horses and camels are unable to sustain. On these occasions, the elephant throws his trunk up as high as possible, to keep it out of danger. If the tiger scratches that useful and sensitive organ, all command over the elephant is lost ; he runs off like a mad creature, and sometimes escapes entirely. Tame elephants have sometimes been caught again, after they have been living with the wild herds two or three years ; several instances have occurred where they

have recognized their former drivers, and at once returned to habits of obedience.

It is melancholy that such a mild inoffensive quadruped should suffer by man's strange propensity to cruel sports. The princes of India delight in the combats of elephants trained to fight with each other, and made furious by stimulating food. These sports are peculiarly dangerous to those who guide the elephants; for the creature, being cunning enough to perceive the importance of dismounting his adversary's rider, always endeavours to strike him down with his trunk. The peril is so great, that on the day of combat these unhappy men take a solemn farewell of their wives and children, as if they were condemned to die. When the elephants are goaded to great fury, it often happens that some of the spectators are knocked down and trampled to death.

Some elephants are trained to fight with wild horses, the necks of which they clasp with their trunk and break with their teeth.

These things are more shocking, because the elephant is naturally peaceful; and, as he feeds on vegetables, he has no disposition to shed blood; it is particularly cruel to force such an animal to fight.

The elephant performs a distinguished part in the pageants of which oriental despots are so fond.

At Vizier Ally's wedding, in 1795, "the procession was grand beyond conception; it consisted of about twelve hundred elephants, richly caparisoned, drawn up in a regular line, like a regiment of soldiers. About one hundred elephants in the centre had howdahs, or castles, upon their backs, covered with silver; in the midst of these appeared the nabob, mounted on an uncommonly large elephant, within a howdah covered with gold, richly set with precious stones. The elephants of Aurengezebe had chains, bells, and furniture of gold and silver, attended with gilt banners and flags; and eight or ten elephants waited on him clothed in gold, silk, and silver. The first elephant had plates on his head and breast set with rubies and emeralds, being a beast of a wonderful stature and beauty."

In China large elephants sometimes carry upon their backs finely carved wooden castles, spacious enough to hold eight persons. When Queen Elizabeth sent a letter to the King of Sumatra, "the greatest elephant, being thir-

teen or fourteen feet high, had a small castle, like a coach, covered with velvet, on his back, in which was placed a great golden basin, with a rich covering of silk, wherein the letter was laid."

But the greatest object of pride among the Kings of the East, is the white elephant. These animals, being very rare, are regarded with superstitious reverence. They are considered a necessary appendage to kingly pomp, and it would be thought a very ill omen for a prince to be without one. They even consider them worth going to war about. Large houses, sometimes ornamented with gold, are built for these favourite animals. "Every day, when they go to the river to wash, each goes under a canopy of silk, or cloth of gold, carried by six or eight men, and eight or ten men go before, playing on drums and other instruments. When each is come out of the river, he has a gentleman to wash his feet in a silver basin, which office is appointed by the king. Among his other titles, the monarch of Ava is called, "King of the White Elephants." Ignorant and superstitious people in India bow down, in token of submission to the white elephant,

as if he belonged to a superior order of beings ; but those who are wiser know that this is very ridiculous.

The Kings of Ava and Siam, are the most remarkable for their white elephants, which they train for war, and for occasions of state-ceremony. The elephants are very proud of their silver bells, and other gaudy trappings. Alexander the Great increased the splendour of his triumphal processions by elephants magnificently caparisoned, which he had taken captive during his wars in Asia.

The perfect manner in which elephants have been trained for theatrical exhibitions, is truly astonishing. The Romans taught them to march into the theatre with a regular step, to beat time to the music with their feet, to move in harmonious measure, sometimes in a circle, and sometimes divided into parties, scattering flowers over the pavement. After this display, the elephants were feasted with prodigal magnificence. Vessels of gold and silver were spread for them upon tables of ivory and cedar, near which were splendid couches, ornamented with paintings, and covered with tapestry. The elephants reclined upon the

couches, according to the Roman custom, and ate and drank with the most gentlemanly moderation and decorum. Pliny says it was no uncommon thing to see elephants hurl javelins in the air, and catch them with their trunks, fight with each other as gladiators, and then execute a Pyrrhic dance. And, what is more wonderful, these huge animals were taught to walk on a rope, and to bear a litter which contained one of their companions who feigned to be sick. Arrian mentions, that he saw an elephant who, having a cymbal attached to each knee, and holding a third by his trunk, beat a measure with astonishing exactness, while the other elephants danced round him, without deviating from the time their companion indicated. An elephant at Constantinople not only danced with elegance and accuracy, but played ball with great skill, throwing it with his trunk and catching it again, as easily as a man could do with his hands.

In modern times elephants have been introduced upon the stage in London; where they made their bow to the audience, ate and drank with great propriety, knelt at the proper time, placed a crown on the head of the true prince, &c. &c.

One of these theatrical elephants lately came to Philadelphia, and after performing much to the admiration of the spectators, returned safely to London. When her proprietor went to see her after her return, he was much disconcerted to find himself entirely forgotten by her; but in the course of a few minutes, she fixed her eyes on him, and after standing entirely motionless for a considerable time, uttered the most extraordinary sounds, lashed her trunk about, and enfolding her former master in it raised him from the ground, broke down part of the bars by which she was surrounded, and by a variety of manœuvres evinced the most extravagant joy. Nor did M. Huget appear less pleased: he rewarded his large favourite with a pound of loaf sugar, and felt quite delighted to find her affections were not weaned from him.

The Duke of Devonshire had an elephant, which, at her master's bidding, took up a broom and swept the paths, and followed him round the enclosure with a watering-pot, or pail. After extracting the cork from a bottle of soda-water, and emptying the contents into her mouth without spilling a drop, she was usually rewarded with a carrot and some water. This

elephant would, when ordered, shake off her large cloth, or housing, fold it up as neatly as a napkin, poise it on her trunk, and then throw it upon her back, where it remained perfectly smooth and steady. She was so attached to her keeper, that when he was absent a few hours she would cry for him piteously.

A short time ago, a fine young elephant belonging to a gentleman in Salem, was brought to this city. During the voyage his daily rations were thirty pounds of hay, thirty pounds of straw, and twenty-five pounds of rice moistened with twelve gallons of water. On several occasions during the passage, he displayed the sagacity and gratitude for attention, for which the species is so remarkable. Before he was put on board at Calcutta, a house was built for him, in the strongest manner, covered with thick teak-planks, which were fastened to the frame by stout iron spikes, clenched on the inside. The elephant was swung into the ship by means of a crane and straps around the body, as oxen are prepared for shoeing. His mohout guided him into the domicile prepared for him, without any trouble; but in that hot climate he soon found the exclusion of fresh

air disagreeable, and did not cast about long for a remedy. In a playful manner, he applied his trunk to the stout and firmly secured planks, wrenched them off as if they had been straws, and dashed them away. No attempt was made at this time to replace them; but when the ship approached our coast, the elephant began to suffer from the cold. To shelter him, Capt. Kennedy resolved to make another endeavour to close up his house. This time, there was no attempt on the part of the elephant to obstruct the process. He appeared perfectly to understand the object, and to feel grateful for it. Nothing but thin boards were used, fastened with common nails; the slightest blow of his trunk would have shivered them to atoms; but he cautiously abstained from touching them. The whole was made air-tight, as the seamen thought, by filling the crevices with straw; but the quick eye of the elephant discovered several small fissures, which he pointed out with his trunk till they were successively filled. When the whole was completed, his satisfaction appeared to have no bounds.

It is cruel to keep these noble creatures shut up in a narrow space. They dearly love the

sun, plenty of water, and whole forests of trees to browse upon, or tear up by the roots. There is nothing they enjoy more than standing in a pool, and showering the water from their trunks so as to sprinkle themselves all over. When their bath is completed, they often gather up a quantity of dust and blow it over their wet skin, in order to fill up the crevices and keep off the flies. When they are let out into the open air and sunshine, after being shut up some time, they gallop and trot, and caper, and are perfectly mad with delight. In a state of captivity they do not seem to know how to employ their energy and intelligence. An elephant is always feeling about with his trunk, and examining into the minutest crack, or unscrewing anything which is about his cage. A French artist says, that having one day drawn some lines on a wall, which two elephants passed in their daily walk, he was surprised to see them stop and examine them very attentively, and finally deliberately rub them out with their trunks.

There is a great difference in the tempers of elephants; some are so vicious and unruly, that no kindness can tame them, and no severity subdue them. In China they beat a drum or

gong before an unruly elephant, to warn people that he is passing through the streets to be watered. In Siam, much pomp attends the funeral of a good elephant; he is burned with reeds and sweet wood equal to the weight of his body; but if he has been a turbulent fellow, he is not burnt, but buried.

Large elephants are sometimes more than eleven feet high; but the average height is eight or ten feet.



THE BOYS' LAMENT FOR ELECTION.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

THEY 've spoiled us of the dearest play
 We had in all the year,—
 They 've robbed us of *Election Day*,
 And all its merry cheer.

I guess the men, who made the laws,
 Forgot the little boys,
 To thus deprive us of the cause
 Of half our summer joys.

No wonder May has been so dull,
 With scarce a day of sun ;
 Of clouds, and cold, and storms so full,
 To follow what they've done.

We could not see the soldiers come
 With feathers waving high ;
 We didn't hear the fife and drum,
 Or see a colour fly !

We couldn't see the gleaming steel,
 Nor hear the roaring gun ;
 We didn't hear a cannon peal,
 Nor have a *bit* of fun.

And every bell that once was rung,
 To tell the day had come,
 This year, has had to hold its tongue,
 As if 'twere deaf and dumb.

The men who called it useless fuss,
To hold election day,
Have robbed the Governor and us
Of half the charms of May.

Why! what can every body do?
The country folks must feel
As if their horse had lost a shoe,
Their wagon broke a wheel!

I'm sure I pity them the most,
They all must be so sad,
Who used to come in such a host,
And look so bright and glad.

Now, whosoever had a hand
In spoiling all our sport,
I hope he'll find his work won't stand
Beyond another court!

They tell me I must patient wait,
And learn to let alone
The weighty matters of the state,
Till I am older grown.

But this I know, that I must be
A great deal older yet,
Before my dear, lost jubilee,
I ever can forget!

I hope before another year,
They'll this new law unmake,
That boys may have their usual cheer,
And eat election-cake.

REMARKABLE BOYS.

JOHN Flaxman, the famous English sculptor, gave early indications of the genius by which he was afterward so highly distinguished. His constitution was weakly, and he was slightly deformed; but he was rendered remarkably interesting by his gentle temper, and by a mind eager for knowledge. His father was a moulder of plaster figures, and kept a little shop for the purpose of selling them. As John was too sickly to engage in the rough sports of boyhood, he was bolstered up in a little stuffed chair, raised so high that he could just see over the counter, and there he sat hour after hour, with patient cheerfulness, amusing himself with books, paper, and pencils. His very serious, but happy looks, and his evident thirst for knowledge, soon attracted the attention of such customers as had ^{the} taste and discrimination. They looked at his little drawings, talked with him about the books he had read, and delighted him with the stories they told of poets, sculptors, and heroes. When he was five years old, he had a great passion for examining the

seals of every watch he saw ; and he always kept a piece of soft wax near him, in order to take the impression of such as pleased him. Afterward, when he became a very eminent man, some one reminded him of this habit of his childhood ; the great sculptor replied, " Sir, we are never too young to learn what is useful, or too old to grow wise and good."

Among those who first discovered something extraordinary in this boy, was a clergyman by the name of Mathew. He says, " I went to the shop of old Flaxman to have a figure repaired, and while I was standing there, I heard a child cough behind the counter. I looked over, and there I saw a little boy seated on a small chair, with a large chair before him, on which lay a book he was reading. His fine eyes, and beautiful forehead, interested me, and I said, what book is that ? He raised himself on his crutches, bowed, and said, ' Sir, it is a Latin book, and I am trying to learn it.' Aye, indeed ? I answered ; you are a fine boy ; but this is not the proper book—I'll bring you a right one to-morrow. I did as I had promised ; and the acquaintance thus casually begun, ripened into one of the best friendships of my life."

This interesting child laboured incessantly during the many lonely hours, which his weak state of health necessarily imposed upon him. He made a great number of small images, in plaster-of-Paris, wax, and clay, some of which are still preserved. Child, as he was, he did not confine himself to mere copying; he illustrated Homer, and formed groups from his own imagination. When he was in his tenth year, a blessed change came over his health; he was enabled to run about in the fields, and to enjoy the active exercises suited to his age. But these things, though he enjoyed them highly, did not divert his attention from his studies. He knew that genius without industry, like fire without fuel, was good for nothing; and that, to become perfect in anything, it was necessary to be patient and persevering. By pursuing this judicious course he made rapid improvement, and gained the approbation of valuable friends.

In his fifteenth year, Flaxman obtained the silver medal at the Royal Academy; and from that time he went on in an uninterrupted course of improvement, until he became one of the most renowned sculptors England has ever

produced. He sometimes met with disappointments, but they did not dishearten him ; he had to contend with poverty, but he contended manfully, and finally overcame it by his untiring strength and cheerful fortitude.

He lived to be nearly seventy-two years old. Notwithstanding his high endowments and his great reputation, he ever maintained the simplicity and gentleness of a good little child. He estimated things according to their true value ; therefore the pomp and splendour of the world were insipid to him ; he loved his own modest home, and found his greatest delight in reading and making drawings from the Bible. In his conduct and manners, he daily proved that he respected the opinions and feelings of others, more than he did his own. He was very prudent in his expenses, and laboriously industrious in his habits ; but he valued the money he earned only on account of the good he could do with it. His kindness to his workmen and their families was unbounded ; when they were asked concerning him, they replied with enthusiasm, " He is the best master God ever made."

In matters of business, he was very generous

and high-minded ; if he received a larger sum of money for any work than he thought it really worth, he returned a part of the money.

It was always his wish to dedicate his genius to the service of piety ; hence a large proportion of his drawing and models are of a religious character, pure and tranquil like the soul of him who made them. Sir Thomas Lawrence said of him, " Peace be with the memory of him who died in his own small circle of affection ; enduring pain, but full of meekness, gratitude, and faith."

So much do I venerate the character of this good and great man, that were I asked to form a wish for the young person I loved most dearly, I would pray that he might in all respects be like John Flaxman.

John Opie, a celebrated English painter, very early gave proof of superior talents, and of a decided predilection for the art of painting. His father, who was a carpenter, was obliged to punish the boy for drawing ridiculous figures on his boards. When he was ten years old, he saw an elder companion draw a butterfly. He watched the process with great

eagerness, and exclaimed, "I think I can draw a butterfly as well as Mark Oates." He tried, and succeeded, and was so much delighted, that he ran breathless home to tell his mother what he had done.

Soon afterward he saw the picture of a farm-yard, in a house where his father was at work ; he looked and looked—went away—returned again and looked, and seemed as if he could not keep his eyes from the picture. His father reproved him, but the lady of the house kindly begged that the child might look as long as he wished. When he returned home, he painted a tolerable copy of this landscape from memory : it probably made a much greater impression on his mind, because he was a poor boy, and seldom had an opportunity to see such things.

The love of painting took such complete possession of his heart, that the walls of his father's humble dwelling were soon covered with portraits of his relatives and friends.

Among his rural companions, he was regarded as a village wonder. For this reputation he was not indebted to his portraits alone : at the age of twelve he had mastered Euclid, and was considered so skilful in arithmetic and

penmanship, that he commenced an evening school for the instruction of the peasants in his native parish.

After this, he was a servant in the family of Dr. Wolcot, who is often called Peter Pindar, because he wrote a book under that fictitious name. It is not known how long he remained there; but he was still very young when he went from town to town, in quest of employment as a portrait painter. From one of these expeditions he returned, after a long absence, with a handsome suit of new clothes, and twenty guineas in his pocket. On seeing his mother, he ran to her with the money, and desired her to keep it, telling her that in future he should maintain himself. When he went to London, he became a great favourite with the rich and the noble. His poverty, his want of early education, and his extraordinary genius, all conspired to attract attention. For a time the street where he lived was continually crowded with carriages; but nothing is more capricious than fashion, and he who allows his happiness to depend upon it, must be a miserable being. When the rustic painter ceased to be a novelty, he was neglected and forgotten, by those who

had done nothing but praise him a month before.

Opie was surprised at this change, but he was not discouraged by it; he worked and studied like one resolved to deserve a more permanent distinction, than the idle curiosity and excessive flattery of the fashionable world.

Industry brought its usual reward—a well-founded reputation, and an income more than sufficient for his wants. The first use he made of success, was to administer to the comfort of his mother. For her he always entertained the deepest affection, and neither age, nor the pressure of worldly business, diminished his enthusiasm in the least. He loved to speak of the mildness of her nature, and the tenderness of her heart—of her love of truth, and her maternal circumspection. He delighted to recall her epithets of fondness, and relate how she watched over him when a boy, and warmed his gloves and great coat in the winter mornings, on his departure for school. This good woman lived to the age of ninety-two, enjoyed the fame of her son, and was gladdened with his bounty.

Thomas Gainsborough, another very famous

English painter, was early imbued with an enthusiastic love of his art. At ten years old he had painted all the old trees, and winding brooks, in the neighbourhood. Once, the boy was concealed among some bushes in his father's garden, making a sketch of an old fantastic tree, when he observed a man looking most wishfully over the wall, at some pears, which were hanging ripe and tempting. The slanting light of the sun shone across the man's eager face, and produced a most picturesque combination of light and shade. Thomas immediately sketched the likeness; and the poor man was afterward amazed and frightened, when the young artist's father shewed him how he looked, and laughingly accused him of meaning to steal the pears, on which he gazed so earnestly.

Gainsborough, long after, made a finished painting from his juvenile sketch; and when he had become a favourite of fame and fortune, it was much admired and celebrated, under the name of "Tom Peartree's Portrait."

ARITHMETICAL EPITAPH.

With diagrams no more to daunt us,
 Here sleeps in dust old Diophantus* ;
 Who scorns to give you information,
 Even of his age, but in equation.
 A lad, unskill'd in learning's ways,
 He pass'd the *sixth part* of his days ;
 Within a *twelfth part* more appeared
 Upon his chin a downy beard ;
 A *seventh part* added to his life,
 He took unto himself a wife ;
 And when *five years* were past and gone,
 God blessed him with a healthy son ;
 The boy, by the good man's directions,
 Read Euclid, studied conic sections,
 Loved algebra—and grew very sage
 'Till he reached *one-half his father's age* ;
 Then bade farewell to biquadratics,
 For Death stopped short his mathematics.
 Poor Diophantus, you'll believe,
 Did nothing for *four years* but grieve ;
 Then died.—Given, of a Grecian sage,
 The Life and Death : required, the Age.

* This name was chosen, because Diophantus was a celebrated mathematician of Alexandria, reputed to have been the inventor of Algebra. The ancients ranked him with Pythagoras and Euclid in mathematical learning.

DISCIPLINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE WHITE KITTEN WITH A BLACK NOSE.

FOR many days Charles was confined to his chamber, and part of them to his bed ; he had, besides, the anguish of seeing Caroline, who was constantly with him, with her arm bound up ; for she had suffered slightly by the blaze of her gown. All this was a severe trial, and Mrs. Barton felt it so ; but she was too wise and too humble a Christian, to lament afflictions that might be the means of so much good. Her children could not but think deeply on the subject. “ Oh, mamma,” said Caroline, ingenuously, “ how apt we are to deceive ourselves. I really thought, when I insisted upon staying to see what Charles was about, that I was doing it from good motives ; but now I must acknowledge that I did it in part to vex him, because he ordered us out of the garden in such an overbearing manner ; but then, again, I really think I was afraid of him when I smelt gunpowder.”

“ And what,” said her mother, “ was your motive when you pushed away the ladder ?”

“ Why, in the first place,” replied Caroline,

“I thought it would be a good trick upon them ; and then I thought it would keep them from mischief.”

“We have all suffered too severely, by your *good trick*,” said Mrs. Barton, “for me to say one word in reproof. I have seldom known tricks to turn out well ; I think they become monkeys much better than creatures endowed with feeling and reason.”

Charles's situation required the most devoted attention ; his wounds and bruises were poulticed and bandaged every hour or two, and he could not be moved without great pain. As he was a large boy, Mrs. Barton thought it necessary that one of the men-servants should move him ; but after two or three trials, he was obliged to beg that his nurse would do it. As he began to grow better, his spirits seemed to be more and more depressed. Frequently, when his mother, or Caroline, or even the family domestics, were attending to his wants, the tears would start into his eyes. At length, he exclaimed, “What a fool I was to think men knew more than women ; I would not give one woman for ten men.” “When you are sick, you mean, Charles,” said Caroline, laughing.

“I mean always and for ever,” said Charles. “Women are of a great deal more use in the world than men.” “You forget, Charles,” said Caroline, “that we could not build ships, and go up to the top of the masts, or shoe horses. There are a thousand things that we cannot do.”

“Then I think,” said Charles, after a pause, “men ought to be the servants of women. Don’t you think so, mamma?” added he, appealing to Mrs. Barton, who had sat quietly at work, now and then smiling at his enthusiasm.

“No, Charles,” replied she, “I think they ought to be just what they are, their friends and protectors. They can mutually assist each other; and it is no proof of sense, or good feeling, for either side to be claiming superiority.”

“Since I have been shut up here, I see how many follies I was daily committing,” said Charles.

“If you see your errors, how thankful you ought to be for this confinement,” replied Mrs. Barton—“Our Heavenly Father takes many ways of bringing us to himself; and often, my dear Charles, it is by affliction.”

“I have often heard that said, mother; but

I don't understand it. How can the spraining my ankle, or breaking my collar-bone, make me better?" "You just now said," replied his mother, "that you began to see how many follies you were daily committing; had you been in full health and engaged in play, do you think you would have reflected so seriously upon your errors? You must not suppose that suffering, or sickness, or broken bones, or trouble in any form, necessarily makes us better. It is only *the means* of making us better. God gives us the opportunity, and leaves us at liberty to improve it or not. He sends us our daily bread, but he does not compel us to eat it. Do you understand what I mean?"

"Yes, mother, I now can understand that adversity is a blessing, if we choose to make it so." "Certainly, my dear; if, when you get well you find yourself more wise, more reasonable, more contented, and more happy, you will be willing to acknowledge that your confinement was a blessing."

"If I should, mamma; but I don't believe I shall."—"And why not?"

"O mother, I have one fault that I never, never shall get the better of. I have made a

thousand good resolutions, but as soon as ever anything, or any body, makes me angry, they all vanish. When I think what my ungovernable passions may lead me to, I sometimes almost wish I was dead."

"This is sinful," said his mother; "and is only another form of passion. You are impatient at your own follies, and yet not willing to amend them."

"I certainly will try, mother. Can you recommend any way to me? I am very wretched, when I think how near I came to destroying poor Caroline."

"Have you, ever, when you felt your temper beginning to rise, tried to count twenty, or to repeat the letters of the alphabet?"

"If they would stop to think of that," said Caroline, involuntarily, "they would not fly into such passions as Charles does."

The colour suddenly rose into Charles's cheeks. "I did not mean to offend you," said Caroline; "but you know you were just saying"—"I know what I was saying," replied Charles, hastily; "but if we know we have faults, it is not pleasant to have others talk about them." "It is, however, what you should

be willing to submit to, my son, if you are heartily desirous of curing your fault. Caroline spoke thoughtlessly, it is true; but you will do well to improve all such opportunities of practising self-command. I would recommend to you, every night to think over the events of the past day—how many faults you have committed, and how you might have avoided them.”

“I *have* a thousand times,” said Charles; “but that don’t do any good.”

“Perhaps you have neglected the most important part of my remedy. It is to implore the assistance of your Heavenly Father to keep you from evil.”

“Mother,” said Charles, “why was such a head-strong temper given me? I did not make my mind.” “That is true, my son; but you make your own habits. If you made earnest and constant endeavors to govern your temper, it would not trouble you so much. God has given you reason strong enough to control your passions; and if you do not use it, ’tis your own fault.” “I know God is good and wise,” said Charles; “but if I was not *naturally* so passionate, it would be better for me.”

“ I do not think so,” replied his mother. “ If you overcome temptations, you will be a wiser and a happier man, than if you never had any temptations to overcome ; and if you humbly remember that you attain the victory by the assistance of your Heavenly Father, you will be better fitted to be an angel.

“ The passions are sometimes compared to the winds, that waft a vessel along. When they are gentle and favourable, they are vastly preferable to a calm ; but when they come like a whirlwind, the vessel is often wrecked.”



THE ROBIN.—BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

ROBIN, robin, sing to me,
 And I 'll gladly suffer thee
 Thus to breakfast in the tree,
 On the ruddy cherry.
 Soon as thou hast swallowed it,
 How I love to see thee flit
 To another twig, and sit
 Singing there so merry!

It was kind in thee, to fly
 Near my window ; and to try,
 Then, to raise thy notes so high,
 To break up my slumbers.
 Robin, half the cheering power,
 Of this bright and lovely hour,
 While I pluck the dewy flower,
 Comes from thy sweet numbers.

And, thou wast an honest bird,
 Thus to let thy voice be heard,
 Asking in the plainest word
 Thou could'st utter, whether
 Those who owned it, would allow
 Thee to take upon the bough
 Thy repast, and sit as now,
 Smoothing down thy feathers.

Who that hears the mellow note
 From my robin's little throat,
 On the air of morning float,
 Could desire to still her ?
 Who her beauty can behold,
 And consent to have it told
 That he had a heart so cold,
 As to try to kill her ?

THE DOG AND THE DONKEY.

A Fable, translated from the Spanish.

IN old times, they often used to train dogs to turn the spit while the meat was roasting. A little dog, which had long been in this employment, grew very discontented. "What tiresome business this is," said he to himself; "day after day I have to go the same dull rounds. How it makes my limbs ache! and how I perspire! And after all my labour, what do I get? While my master is feasting off the juicy meat that I spend my strength in roasting, I get nothing but an old dry bone now and then. This is too bad. No animal in the world has so hard a lot as I have. I'll run away."

The dog took the first opportunity to escape; and when he had run a good way, he found a jackass turning a great wheel to bring up water from a well.*

"What a cool and pleasant employment that must be!" said the dog. "I should like to draw water—let me turn the wheel. How much glory I shall gain, by turning such a great machine!"

* This is a common sight in many countries of Europe.

The patient donkey complied with his request. The little dog began to struggle and pant. "How heavy this great wheel is!" he exclaimed; "I am dreadfully tired; and after all, I have not made it move. Pray, what does your master give you to eat?"

The donkey answered, "Sometimes I nibble the grass by the road-side; sometimes I live upon straw; and sometimes I can find nothing better than thistles."

"This is worse than turning the spit, and having the bones to pick," said the dog; "beside, I do not have to work every day, as you do. I'll go home again."

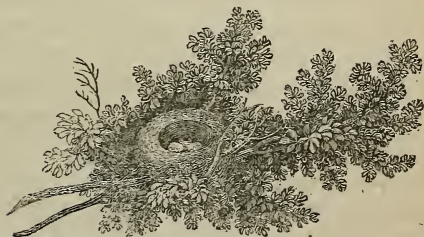
Two morals may be drawn from this fable :

1st. However miserable our own situation may be, we should always remember that some of our fellow-creatures may have a still harder lot.

2nd. People should be content to be useful by attending to such duties as they can perform well, without being ambitious of those which are beyond their strength.

THE SWALLOW'S NEST.

THE nest of the swallow is constructed in a different manner from that of any other bird; and is composed of a fine clay, or cement, which, when well dried, is very hard and strong, and adheres closely to the place on which it is built. You have, no doubt, my young readers, often seen the swallow skim over the water, and dip her bosom into it so quick, that you were almost at loss to say whether she had touched it or not. Now, if you thought this an accidental thing, let me assure you it was not. It is one of the skilful ways in which nature has taught her to accomplish the ends which her necessities required. She, in this manner, takes the water upon her breast, which she goes and shakes off among the dust, and then kneads them together into a sort of paste with her bill. This she carries little by little, as she is able to make and to transport it, to the chosen spot, and there forms her snug tenement of clay. * * *



THE GOOD SPANIARD.

AFTER Columbus was dead, his son, Diego Columbus, was made governor of some of the countries which his father had discovered. The beautiful island of Jamaica was then possessed by the Indians.

Diego Columbus thought it best to take Jamaica ; so he sent thither, with about seventy men, one Juan de Esquivel, a very good Spaniard. Just as Esquivel was about to depart from Hispaniola for the island of Jamaica, Ojeda, a Spaniard, who had attended the elder Columbus in his voyages, declared that Esquivel should not go thither ; and that if he did go, he would pursue him and hang him.

Ojeda said this, because the King of Spain had appointed him governor of a province on the continent of South America, and he wanted Jamaica also. Esquivel heard that Ojeda meant to kill him, but he was not afraid of him, and determined, notwithstanding the threat of Ojeda, to go with his men to Jamaica. Just about the time that Esquivel sailed from St. Domingo, Ojeda sailed from the same place for the continent of South-America.

Esquivel had a pleasant passage, and got safely to Jamaica. But before Ojeda reached his province, his ship was overtaken by a dreadful storm, and was driven upon the shores of Cuba. There Ojeda and others, his companions, were forced to leave their vessel, and wander about the coast in search of food; but they could procure only a little fruit, and were in danger of perishing with hunger.

In this extremity, Ojeda remembered that Esquivel was at Jamaica, and perhaps would assist him. But he also recollected that he had foolishly and insolently threatened to hang the good Esquivel; and he felt ashamed to beg a favour of him. However, rather than die of famine, he humbled himself, and sent a messenger to Esquivel to inform him that his enemy and persecutor was in distress, and stood in need of his bounty.

Esquivel might easily, and without much blame, have refrained from assisting Ojeda; but perhaps he had been taught from the Gospel, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink;" for he acted immediately upon this rule. He forgot the ill-will which Ojeda had expressed towards him, and instantly relieved him.

Esquivel, as soon as he heard of Ojeda's distress, employed one Pedro de Narvez to go to Cuba with needful food, and to tell Ojeda that he might come to Jamaica, where he should be well treated. Ojeda accepted this invitation, and accompanied Pedro de Narvez to the place where Esquivel was. As he approached his habitation, Esquivel came out to meet Ojeda. "Let us forget that we have not always been friends," said the generous Esquivel to his mortified guest. "Abide with us as long as you choose, and when it is your will to depart, I will furnish you a conveyance."

Ojeda, ashamed of his former conduct, and grateful for the kindness shown him, thanked his benefactor, and having remained with him a short time, was sent back to Cuba. Generosity like that on the part of Esquivel towards Ojeda, is what is called *magnanimity*, or greatness of soul.

This instance of benevolence is not the only one related of Esquivel. When he and his followers had erected houses in Jamaica, he employed the natives to cultivate the soil. There was no gold in the island, but cotton and other vegetables grew there abundantly; and Esqui-

vel brought these poor people to labour upon the earth and to be industrious, without *any effusion of blood*, that is, without killing any of them in order to make the rest afraid; and the fields and plantations flourished under their care. The Indians loved the kind and generous Esquivel, therefore they readily obeyed him, and were very happy during his short life.

Esquivel founded a settlement which he called Nueva Sevilla, or New-Seville, after Seville in Spain. This became a considerable town, though, afterwards, it fell into ruins. Esquivel died at Nueva Sevilla, and after his death very wicked and cruel governors abused the Indians of Jamaica, as the governors of Cuba and Hispaniola abused the natives of those islands.

E. R.

NEW BOOKS.

Arithmetic.—Mr. Clarkson, the friend of African slaves, informs us in his excellent history, that the Africans have a method of reckoning, which is quicker and more certain than that of the Europeans, who deal with them. The Africans reckon *in their heads*, while the Europeans do it with a slate, or pen and ink. The money of those regions is principally a species of shell called *cowries*, of which it takes a great many to make a small sum. The calculations, therefore, which become necessary in the course of trade, are often long and complicated; and travellers express their astonishment that they can be carried on mentally, and completed with such despatch and accuracy, surpassing, as we remarked, the European method in both these respects, without any cyphering at all. But there is no cause in this for surprise. Close attention, long practice, and a strong interest in what we do, will enable us to effect with ease results that seem wonderful to others. This mental dexterity of the Africans in arithmetic, though much more dignified and useful in its nature, has the same origin as the manual dexterity of East India jugglers, viz. early and long practice. If the Africans be a baser race than the whites, approaching, as some have affirmed, the brute creation, then does the fact stated by Mr. Clarkson, furnish a still stronger illustration of the efficacy of the early and assiduous exercise of the mind upon the subject of number and quantity. But we must not permit this occasion to pass without telling all good little readers

that it is very rash, and must be very offensive in the sight of God, whose children we all are, for any portion of the human family to arrogate to themselves a superiority over others. There is no real superiority but pureness of heart and goodness of conduct; and this superiority is of so heavenly a nature, that it cannot bear the swellings of mortal vanity and self-applause, but perishes like a beautiful dream, as soon as we are conscious of it.

Of late several judicious American teachers have turned their attention to the subject of *mental arithmetic*, by which it is proposed to make little boys understand numbers as well as they do marbles, without making any use of figures, and even before they have learned to write. Mr. Colburn, formerly of Boston and now of Lowell, was the first,* we believe, who made an American book with this excellent design. Pestalozzi, a good and venerable man, who devoted his life to the improvement of children and youth, was the European inventor of this and many other admirable things in education.

Mr. F. Emerson, of Boston, has written an arithmetic on this plan. It appears to be a decided improvement upon those, which had been made before. Part First of this work was formerly mentioned in the Miscellany. The author has now published Part Second. It consists of Oral Arithmetic and Written Arithmetic. The merit

* Mr. Neef, of Philadelphia, had made some general recommendation of the method in a work treating generally of Pestalozzi's system. See prize book of the Boston Latin School, 1820—L. Art. Juvenile Studies.

of these books is, that they teach a great deal by example and very little by precept, and example is as much better than precept in every thing else, as it is in morals, in the government of a family, or the command of an army.

It is another merit of this book, that while it pursues its peculiar object, it introduces incidentally American events and characteristics; and sometimes also conveys a pretty moral in a little problem. The book is perfectly suited to follow the first part. There is but one thing we regret in it; and that is, that it contains any formal rule at all. We may be wrong; but some reflection and a good deal of experience have convinced us that a little boy or girl, who cannot make rules for herself after having heard and tried a great many examples, will seldom remember, and will never *understand*, a rule made by others.

The 12th volume of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge is called "INSECT MISCELLANIES." It contains various and very curious accounts of the habits of insects, their appearance, the wonderful structure of their bodies, &c.

This Library is now so well known to young people, that I need not repeat how much instruction and amusement are to be found in its pages. Many of the entertaining stories of elephants, contained in this number of the Miscellany, were taken from this truly entertaining work.

An excellent book was published some time since, which I do not think has been as highly appreciated as it

deserves; or at least, it has not been brought into very general use. It is called "ELEMENTS OF MYTHOLOGY, OR CLASSICAL FABLES," by the author of another very judicious, very useful, and very pleasing little book, well known under the title of "AMERICAN POPULAR LESSONS." I thought highly of the ELEMENTS OF MYTHOLOGY, as a school-book; but, distrusting my own judgment, I asked an able and experienced teacher to examine it; who replied, "It is the most admirable book on the subject, which I have ever seen for young persons."

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